

THE SOUTH HIS THEME.

Rev. Madison C. Peters Tells New Yorkers Great Things About Us.

Rev. Madison C. Peters, who recently lectured in Stanford, delivered this eulogy of the South, as a prelude to his sermon on returning to his church at New York: "Having recently spent a few weeks in the South, I feel it to be my duty publicly to admit that I had, until I enlarged my information by personal observation, an entirely erroneous idea of the South, and I take this means publicly to apologize for those uncharitable thoughts."

"My lectures were on American lines, and my pleas for Intense Americanism and ideas, as laid down by the founders of our republic, were met everywhere with the heartiest response. At the close of war would be sounded, a foreign foe invade our shores, or an insurrectionary body arise in our midst, a million men, armed to the teeth, would come from the South and rally round the flag of the union."

"Why, the South is the only true American part of our nation to-day, because of the immigration which is now weakening and undermining the foundations of our society. Rebel? That word must henceforth not be spoken. I believe that the South to-day grasps the hand of the North in a fellowship which has in it no lingering nor deceit."

"The public men of the South are not, as with us, 'professional foreigners' who have made public office a public steal. The Southern men in public office are patriotic and devout, conscientiously American and personally the embodiment of integrity. But you say they do not believe in negro domination. Neither do we North. We believe in the negroes filling the offices in the South."

Enfranchising all the negroes immediately after their emancipation, was practically one of the greatest mistakes ever made by any free government. In many counties and states the colored voters are in the majority and a majority rule would take the government."

Negro domination would mean white damnation. The solid South is broken, and will break more and more if they are let alone. But let the next Congress agitate a force bill and self-defense will solidify the South again."

A suffrage limited to an educational qualification is the only solution of the negro problem. But illiteracy is not confined to the South. Our northern cities are thronged with foreigners as imbecile in their ignorance and degraded in their morals as were the rabble hordes that wrecked the republic of antiquity."

Universal suffrage is the menace to free institutions."

—Young man, do not part your hair in the middle, set your hat on the back of your head, and let your handkerchief protrude carelessly from your outside pocket? Don't do it. Have some respect for the feelings of others. Of course you look absolutely and irresistibly stunning, and all the girls are driven almost to distraction by your august ensemble, but you should consider that your make up and deportment, when interpreted by many people is like a placard on your back which reads: "I have no brains to be sure, but then I am awfully fine looking."—Columbia Spectator

The Queen & Crescent announces a special rate of a fare and a third for the round trip from Cincinnati and from all stations in Kentucky, account Lexington, Ky., Midwinter Fair and Exposition, December 18th to January 8th. It will undoubtedly be the greatest exhibition ever held in Kentucky. Tickets on sale via the Q. & C. every day during Fair, good until January 9th to return. CHAS. W. ZELL, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

Wisconsin Central Lines.

Through line from Chicago to St. Paul and Minneapolis, making close connection (no transfer) with lines running to all points in Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, California, and Pacific Coast points. The direct line to all points in Eastern, Middle, Northern and Western Wisconsin, Ashland, Duluth and all Lake Superior points. Double daily through train service with first-class equipment. For full particulars address any ticket agent in the United States or J. C. Pond, general passenger agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a CHIEF, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Any one who has children will rejoice with L. B. Hocker, of Plainville, N. J. His little boy, five years of age, was sick with croup. For two days and nights he tried various remedies recommended by friends and neighbors. He says: "I thought sure I thought sure I would lose him. I had seen Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised and thought I would try it. As a last hope and on having to say that after two doses he slept until morning. I gave it to him next day and a cure was effected. I kept this remedy in the house now and as soon as any of my children show signs of croup I give it to them and that is the last of it."

25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Dr. S. G. Hocker, druggist, Stanford.

GRAB ORCHARD.

—Our lovely weather still continues. "The fields may strive in vain to look to look gay," But so far December has been as pleasant as May.

—Our merchants are filling their stores with abundant supplies of necessities and luxuries for the Christmas holidays. They cordially invite customers and challenge competition in prices.

—To the regret of us all, Crab Orchard will soon lose some of her best citizens, Mr. J. F. Cummings and Mr. G. W. DeBorde, but we trust our loss will be but gain to Stanford. May they, in office, prove benefactors to the county.

—As already announced College Home will give a parlor entertainment on Friday night. "Santa Claus' Mistake" will be presented by the pupils. The building will be decorated for the occasion and at the close of the exercises refreshments will be served to patrons and pupils and the remainder of the evening devoted to innocent merry making.

—Mrs. Gus Hofmann and little son Frank, have returned from their visit to Louisville. Mrs. Dr. Dick is "at home" again after a protracted stay with friends in Illinois. Dr. Walter Beazley is the guest of his father's family and will probably remain during the holidays. Miss Anna May Stephens is visiting friends in Stanford. Mrs. J. E. Carson and daughter, Miss Bessie, made a visit to Stanford Saturday. The many friends of Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Clara Singleton are rejoiced to see them out. Mrs. Beazley and Mrs. Harris are much better.

—Dr. and Mrs. Stapp made a pleasant visit to Mt. Vernon Saturday, mingling among friends of by gone years. They report the completion of a number of new buildings in that old but booming little town, among them a magnificent school building, which is constructed wholly of material obtained in the immediate vicinity. The foundation stones are from an adjacent quarry of Kentucky's finest granite, the brick from a yard near by, the lime from her numerous home kilns, the lumber—oak, chestnut and pine—from the mountains in sight, the pine especially being of the finest quality in texture and finish, even surpassing the famous Georgia pine. The building will be heated by coal dug from inexhaustible mines a few miles distant. The whole being the work of a few enterprising, thorough-going, determined citizens. Success to them. We are glad to know our sister towns are sober and progressive.

—Blakely, of the Covington Commonwealth, mournfully says: Nearly two years of President Cleveland's term have expired and more than half of the republicans who were in office when he went in are in yet. The Great Mugwump regards it as all right for himself to pass his life running for and being elected to office, but characterizes it as offensive partisanship if some good democrat, who has done his party, and, therefore, his country, good service, wants to be a gangster and with the gangsters stand, his services rewarded and his gauge rod in his hand.

—No State paper of a more non-partisan character ever issued from the White House than the annual message President Cleveland sent to Congress December 31. There is not a word in it about the "democratic party," "democratic principles" or "democratic policies." It is probable that at present the president is not proud of his party; perhaps he doubts whether he has any party at all behind him, and there are good reasons for such a doubt. At any rate he speaks as if no political divisions existed.—Harpers Weekly.

—Editor Graz, of the Lexington Gazette, says that 70 years of experience of life and a pretty intimate acquaintance with men and women have convinced him that "75 per cent of women are virtuous, honest and well meaning, and about 75 per cent of men are thieves, cut-throats, drunkards, gamblers and viciously inclined."

—We ought to continue our adherence to the gold standard of value, with as large use of silver as is consistent with strict maintenance of that policy."—John G. Carlisle.

—Collector Johnson's effort to evade the civil service rules may cause the president to declare the office at Louisville vacant. It won't always sometimes do to be too smart.

—Pension Agent Van Leuven pleaded guilty at Dubuque, Ia., of pension frauds and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$4,000.

Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headache yields to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only 50 cents at A. R. Fanny's Drug Store.

Mr. Ira P. Wetmore, a prominent real estate man, San Angelo, Texas, has used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy in his family for several years on occasion required, and always with perfect success. He says: "I find it a perfect cure for our baby when troubled with colic or dysentery. I now feel that my child is not complete without a bottle of this Remedy at home on a trip away from home."

For sale by Dr. S. G. Hocker, druggist, Stanford.

MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—Mr. G. A. Coffey, aged 22, and Miss Lou Reid, 17, were married at Rev. J. M. Cook's by that gentleman Sunday.

—The marriage of Mr. F. D. Galusa to Miss Mamie Curry, a beautiful Lancaster girl, will occur at the Christian church there next Wednesday evening at 5 o'clock.

—Mr. W. B. Wright and Miss Nannie Tuttle, worthy young people from West Lincoln, were married at the Gilcher House Wednesday afternoon by Dr. E. M. Green. Attendants, Mr. Newton Craig and Miss Aggie Carney.—Advocate.

—Miss Maud Brewer shot and fatally wounded G. W. Latimer, at Lynn, Mass. He had been paying marked attention to her, when his visits ceased and the report went out that he was about to marry another. Meeting him she said, "If I can't have you, no one else shall," and sent three bullets into his body.

—A young woman of Butte, Mont., applied to a court the other day for permission to kill her lover who had jilted her. She thought she had a right to do so, but wanted to go about it legally and decorously. The court was inclined to agree with her in the premises, but was obliged to dismiss her application.

—Married, at the residence of H. Baxter, at Grove, Ky., Dec. 12, Mr. H. S. Young and Miss Mary Brough. This is the happy culmination of "love at first sight" of two of Lincoln county's most progressive teachers. Mr. Young on returning from the State College at Lexington met the young lady at the Lincoln County Teachers' Institute probably for the first time, when by mutual consent two hearts through glances more earnest than shy, gave the secret away and from that time on two contemplative hearts have beat as one. Miss Mary is a young lady of many attractive qualities, being brilliant in mind as well as pretty in feature, while Mr. Young is a most exemplary young man in every respect. May no clouded sky obscure their future pathway. McC.

—The Hotel Rensselaer, Louisville having proven a failure, will be converted into a clothing store.

—President Cleveland left Washington yesterday for a hunting trip along the coast of South Carolina.

—One hundred and eighty persons at Freiburg, Saxony, were poisoned by eating rolls that contained arsenic.

—Dr. R. A. Nelson, Superintendent of the Inebriate Asylum at Milledgeville, Ga., was hacked to pieces by an inmate.

—The two men tried at Memphis for the lynching of six negroes at Millington have been acquitted, and the prosecution against the other 11 has been dropped.

—Mayor Fitzpatrick, of New Orleans, was an interested spectator of the fight in which pugilist Andy Bowen was killed. The next morning he revoked the permit for the Dempsey Ryan mill.

—The trial of the Whitfield County whitecaps in the United States Court at Atlanta, has brought out the statement from a witness that prominent Federal county and town officials were members of the organization.

—The American Federation of Labor rejected the resolution demanding the confiscation of all productive industries, and adopted a substitute demanding the abolition of "land monopoly ownership," making occupation and improvement the only ground of title to real property.

—The remains of Richard Jameson, of Harrison county, killed 30 years ago, and two other persons were removed from Kirtley graveyard to Battle Grove. Metallic case was opened, and body found in perfect state of preservation. Features natural, and even necktie well preserved.

—Charles G. Kilpatrick, the one-legged trick bicyclist, who made the wonderful ride down the west steps of the Capitol, at Washington, D. C., a year ago, demonstrated his ability as a speed rider at Louisville by beating all one-legged riders. He went a mile in 3.07 3/5.

—John Huntington, assistant book-keeper of the Citizens' State Bank, of Council Bluffs, Ia., on being questioned about a shortage of \$500, shot and probably fatally wounded two representatives of the Fidelity and Casualty Company, and then committed suicide.

—Mrs. Bettie Crawford has obtained judgment against Jack Chinn at Lexington for \$4,250. This suit created quite a sensation when filed and Chinn's fire threats against the lawyers who filed the suit and charged that he had been guilty of a breach of trust to the widow of a friend, made the cold chills run down one's back.

The Queen & Crescent Route always meets the public requirements. For holidays this year they are the first to announce low rates to all Q. & C. points, and to certain territory on connecting lines. Ask agents for particulars.

Triz L. & N. R. R. will sell round-trip tickets to Galveston, Texas, on the 22d, 23d and 24th of December, good returning 11 days from date of sale, on account of Southern Educational Association Rate \$29.15 for the round-trip. J. S. Rice, agent.

LIBERTY, CASEY COUNTY.

—The exhibition at the court-house last Friday night as the closing exercises of Mr. Absolom Hall's school at this place was a grand success. The large court room was filled to its fullest extent, and everybody were highly delighted.

The exercises were opened with sacred music with organ accompaniment. This was followed by a number of dramatic pieces, "Which will he Marry?" "The Brave Woman," "Taking the Census," "Josiah's First Courtship," "The Circus," "Uncle Pete and Mara George, &c," which frequently called forth enthusiastic applause. The actresses in the various pieces were the Misses Amanda Stone, Lizzie Phillips, Lucy Bowman, Dollie Cowden, Dollie Sharp, Josie Sharp, Jennie Wilkinson, Alice Hall, Pearl Montgomery and Ermine White; and the actors, Elijah Moore, O. H. Portman, Charlie Bowman, John E. Sharp, Jr., Ernest Wilkinson, Oscar Wilkinson, Wm. Phillips, George Montgomery, Jas. Cowden, Winston Phillips, Dallas Rule, William Reins and Abe Reins.

Interspersed with the dramatic pieces were a number of recitations delivered by the juvenile members of the school, including the following names: Bessie Prescott, Lillie Moore, Francis Portman, Dillie Napier, Mattie Wilkinson and Maurice Humphrey.

The scarf drill was splendidly executed by a number of beautiful young ladies dressed in white. This exercise received the praise of everybody.

The instrumental music between the pieces was mostly performed by the "Casey's Creek String Band," composed of Thomas Edwards, Thomas Wheeler and George Evans.

There were also a number of beautiful pieces sung with organ accompaniment by the members of the school. They all did so well that we do not feel inclined to personate those whom we think excelled. There is good dramatic talent here. Its chief deficiency is want of drill in distinct enunciation.

We regret to state that a distressing accident happened to Dr. O. H. McRoberts in time of the performance. He was employed to announce the program and while the curtain was down sitting too near the edge of the stage, he fell from it, severely hurting his arm. It was first thought to be broken, but on examination was found only to be badly bruised.

The exercises were concluded with the reading of the "Liberty Broom," by its editors, Miss Alice Hall, which was read with fine expression in which most of the Liberty folks were pleasantly "hit."

OF A LOCAL NATURE.

—J. P. Simmons knocked out C. C. Wallace in his contest for the sheriffalty of Madison and the democrat will hold. An appeal was granted to the circuit court.

—In the United States Court, in session at Covington, John Hamilton, of Pulaski county, was convicted on the charge of making counterfeit money and Matt Colyer of passing the same. Both were sentenced to the Jeffersonville penitentiary for three years.

—A dispatch from Middleboro states that the Watts steel and iron syndicate received orders from London to have both furnaces "blow in" Jan. 1. Two of the steel furnaces have already lighted fires and will make "runs" in a few days. If all the furnaces are started they will require 750 men.

—Green Cummins was ambushed and killed near Jackson. The Nix brothers have been arrested.

—The Queen and Crescent on Friday brought to Cincinnati 30 carloads of oranges in one train, each car carrying 9,000 boxes.

—Mrs. Amelia Westerguard, of Philadelphia, committed suicide by cutting her throat with a carving knife. Excessive grief over the loss of her husband was the cause.

—"Anxious Inquirer": No; the urgency deficiency bill which Col. Breckinridge is railroading through Congress does not provide for the Pollard judgment. Its principal item is an appropriation for collection of the income tax.—Louisville Times.

Holiday rates on the Q. & C. this year are made at a fare and a third the round trip. Tickets on sale Dec. 22nd to 25th, and Dec. 29th to January 1st, inclusive. Good until January 3rd, for return. CHAS. W. ZELL, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

The L. & N. R. R. will sell round trip tickets at 1/3 fare to any point on this system Dec. 22d to 25th inclusive and Dec. 29th to Jan. 1st inclusive, good returning until Jan. 3d. All tickets good going only on day of sale. J. S. Rice, agent.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition: If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat, or Chest trouble and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer if we did not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied upon. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at A. R. Fanny's drug store. Large size 50c and \$1.

WILL IT WORK?

.....For six months we have tried

THE CASH SYSTEM,

And find it a success, and every one realizes the advantages and economy of a strictly Cash System.

You

Live more economical, buy goods cheaper, pay Your account as you go, are not annoyed with A collector and do not dread to see January 1st.

—WHILE—

we

Set the prices, sell cheaper than the cheapest, save you money and carry a full line of

Fancy and Staple Groceries, Hardware, Tinware, Vulcan Plows, Arizona Stoves, Majestic Ranges, Salt, Lime, Cement, Heating Stoves.

Examine our Prices.

W. H. WEAREN & CO.

Santa Claus'

HEADQUARTERS

At present are at the Store of

Farris & Hardin

And the biggest line ever brought to town can be found there. Besides every imaginable kind of a Toy, Dolls and the like, the line of fine

Chinaware, Glassware, Onyx Tables, Lamps, Water Sets,

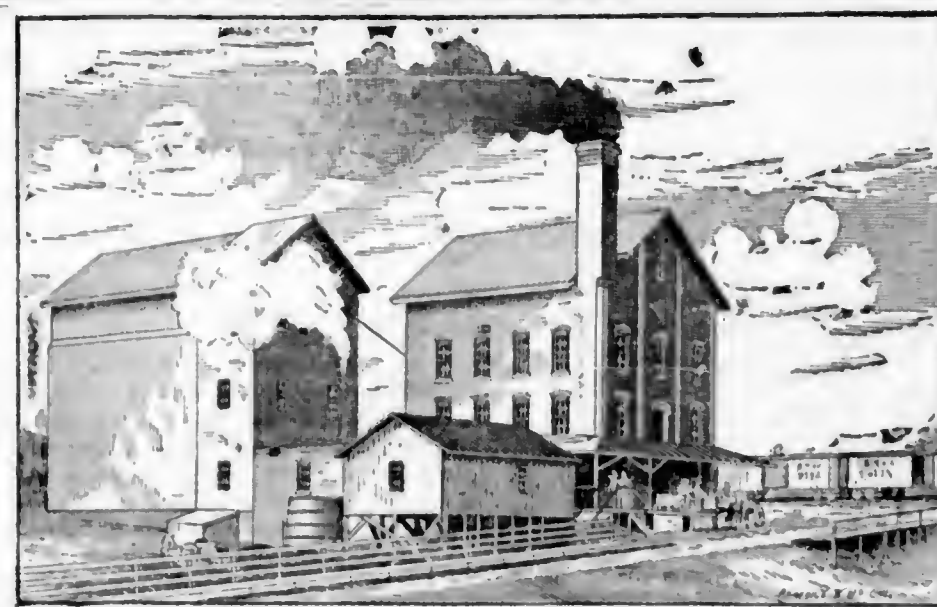
Is the most complete in town and their prices are lower than anybodies'. The year just closing has been a profitable one to them and they are willing, to give you a portion of their profits in your supply of Christmas Goods. For

CANDIES, NUTS AND FRUITS

They beat the world.

The St. Asaph Hotel.

Which is under their management, is headquarters for the traveling public and is one of the best hotels in the State.



The Stanford Roller Mills'

Flour and Corn Meal

IS THE VERY BEST. USE NO OTHER.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sold by all Grocers. We are Headquarters For

Bran, Shipstuffs, Crushed Feeds, Corn, Grain, And Seeds.

J. H. BAUCHMAN & CO., Props.

FALL GOODS.

My stock of

Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Boots

Shoes, &c., is now complete. Call and see me.

H. J. McROBERTS.

AT CHRISTMAS.

The kissing bough bestocks the hall.
Oh, see how Daphne's blossoms rustle
Without the whirling snowflakes fall
And blind the line of Daphne's eyes.

From out the holly peeps the red,
To vie with Daphne's curling tips;
Green boughs and berries dangle west
By magic of her finger tips.

Across warm space the fire beam plays;
The wood evokes complaining sound—
A requiem o'er the vanished days
That strew and memory's twilight ground.

Without the gusty weather din
Stakes mournful note 'gainst the pane.
Levi's winter garden, bright within,
Reveals summer's lost refrain.

Oh, Daphne, sweet, the shining year
Has hung you stranded on my breast.
Together may our footsteps wear
The path that winds to Pilgrims' Rest!

—Gentlewoman.

VIGG'S CHRISTMAS.

The snow lay shining over the moor-land, and only one dwelling could be seen on all its vast expanse—a little cottage, old and gray. Travelers who passed over the moor often said, "How lonely the poor people must be who live there!"

But the cottage was a very nice one of its kind. Moss grew all over the roof, protecting it from the cold and wind. The chimney was broad and strong, and the roof, with its thatch of turf, looked in summer like green velvet covered with little red and yellow blossoms. At the end of the house was a tiny garden, where grew potatoes, carrots and cabbages, and by the fence were poppies and roses. Upon a bank close by stood an aspen tree, and at the cottage window hung a little curtain. The whole place was very neat and clean.

The cottage and the garden belonged to Mother Gertrude, who lived there alone with a little boy named Vigg, whom she had adopted.

Early in the morning of the day before Christmas Mother Gertrude had started for the grocery in the village, which lay at a long distance over the moor. The sun was setting, but she was not at home yet, and Vigg was very lonely in the cottage, for there was perfect silence amid the vast snow plain, which was all that he could see. All day long he had not heard the sound of a single horse's bell.

It is hard to tell how long he had been sitting there when he heard the bell of a horse dashing over the snow. He sprang to the window and looked eagerly out to see who could be coming, for he knew Mother Gertrude would not have any bells. The stars were lighted all over the heavens, and they twinkled and sparkled in the darkness of the night. Far away there was something very black on the snow. It came nearer and nearer, and the bells rang out louder and louder. Suddenly a sled drove up to the cottage and stopped at the window.

It was a sled with four horses, and the horses were smaller than any ponies Vigg had ever seen. The little man who drove them had pulled hard on the reins to stop them, and they were jumping and rearing and making the snow fly in every direction.

"Keep quiet, Rapp! Be still, Snapp! Natt, stand quiet! Latt, keep in your skin!" shouted the little man in the sled as he jumped out and came to the window where Vigg was standing with eyes dilated with wonder. Vigg had never seen a man who looked like him, but then he had never seen many men. He was a little old man, just matching his horses in size. His face was full of wrinkles, and his whiskers were like white moss.

His clothes were of fur from head to foot, and in one side of his mouth he held a pipe, while the smoke came out of the other side.

"Good evening, Pug Nose," he said. Vigg answered, with some dignity, "Good evening."

"Oh, Mother Gertrude isn't home yet, and you are alone and have to be for a good hour yet. Are you not afraid?"

"I am a Swedish boy," answered Vigg. Mother Gertrude had taught him that Swedish boys were always brave.

"Oh, you are a Swedish boy, are you?" said the little old man, rubbing his nose with his mittens, and taking the pipe from his mouth. "Do you know who I am?"

"No," said Vigg, "but do you know who I am?"

The old man took off his cap and made the boy a low bow.

"I have the honor of talking to Vigg," said he. "You are the great fighter of the country and have just put on your first pair of trousers. You are not afraid of the largest whiskers in the world. You are Vigg, and I am Santa Claus. Have I the honor of being known to you?"

"Oh, you are Santa Claus! You must be a good man!" cried Vigg. "Mother has often spoken of you. Of course I know who you are."

"Thank you for your compliment," laughed Santa Claus. "You can't tell much about me from hearsay. Will you go out with me for a ride?"

"I would like to," said Vigg doubtfully, "but I can't, for mother is not home yet, and if I am not here when she comes what would she think?"

"You will be home before she gets back," Santa Claus answered. "Come along!"

Vigg sprang out. It was very cold, and Vigg was not dressed very warmly. His little sack was very tight, and his wooden shoes had made holes in his stockings. Santa Claus locked the door and lifted Vigg into the sled, covered him up with a blanket, blew some smoke out of his pipe, cracked his whip, and off they flew.

They were very soon far away from the heath and came to a dark wood. Mother Gertrude had told Vigg about this wood. The trees were so big and high that it seemed to him as if the stars were on the boughs. Sometimes between the trunks of the trees one could catch a glimmer of the lights

from other houses. At last Santa Claus stopped his team before a little house.

"There are a good boy and girl here and others who must have some Christmas gifts," said Santa Claus.

Then he went into the cottage, and Vigg went with him. The family were all gathered around the Christmas tree, and the father was reading from the Bible about the child Jesus. Santa Claus slipped his presents inside the door without their seeing him and slyly went back with Vigg to the sled. Then they started again through the dark wood.

After awhile Santa Claus stopped in front of a big building, from every window of which shone a bright light. He found many presents for this house when he opened his chest, so many that Vigg wondered and marveled at them. There were bracelets, necklaces, vells and buckles and silk and velvet and gold and silver and all sorts of precious stones.

"What are all these for?" he asked. "They are for fishes," said Santa Claus, with a wink. "For the young ladies to catch fishes."

Now they went to the king's palace, which was much larger than even the last fine house.

"Here are a couple of presents for the prince," said Santa Claus. "We will soon finish here, and then we will go to the great king in the mountain, and then home to Mother Gertrude on the heath."

Once more he opened the chest, and Vigg saw all the wonderful things he took out.

Santa Claus and Vigg again mounted the sled, and away they went again through the dark wood.

"Now we are going to see the mountain king," said Santa Claus.

Vigg was very quiet and thoughtful for awhile. Then he asked anxiously, "Is your chest empty now?"

"Pretty nearly," said Santa Claus, as he put his pipe in his mouth.

"You have presents for all the rest. Haven't you any for me?" asked Vigg plaintively.

"Oh, you need not be afraid I shall forget you," laughed Santa Claus. "Your present is at the bottom of the chest."

"Oh, please, show it to me!" Vigg pleaded.

"Can't you wait till you get home tomorrow?" asked Santa Claus.

"No, no; let me see it now," said Vigg.

"There it is," answered his companion, turning around to his chest and pulling from it a pair of thick wooden stockings.

"Is that all?" asked Vigg. "Aren't you glad to have them?" replied Santa Claus. "You know there are holes in the ones you have on."

"Yes, but Mother Gertrude could have mended them. You give the prince such fine things. I think you might have something pretty for me too."

Santa Claus did not say a word, but he laid the stockings back in the chest and blew long whiffs of smoke from his pipe and looked very thoughtful.

No one spoke a word for a long while, and Vigg's thoughts were full of envy. He was angry that the prince should have had such beautiful things, and only the wooden stockings were given to him.

Then they came to a great mountain, with a high, straight wall of rock, and Santa Claus stopped the sled and got out and gave an out-cake to each of the four horses, Rapp and Snapp and Natt and Latt. Then, taking Vigg by the hand, he knocked at the mountain wall. It opened before them, and they went in.

They had taken only a few steps when Vigg became very much frightened, for the inside of the mountain seemed to be a dreadful place. It would have been as black as night but for the light which shone from the eyes of the snakes and toads which were crawling on the walls and in the damp recesses among the stones.

"I want to go home to mother," said Vigg.

"I thought you were a Swedish boy," replied Santa Claus. And Vigg did not say a word.

"How do you like toads—that one, for instance?" asked Santa Claus after they had gone on a little farther. He pointed to a green animal which was sitting on a stone, with its round eyes staring at the boy.

"It is dreadful!" faltered Vigg.

"You had the toad brought here," replied Santa Claus. "Do you see how puffed up he is? That is from envy. You see you wished that you had the prince's gifts and didn't like the present I gave you. A snake or a toad comes here for every bad thought that enters into any one's heart."

"I am very sorry," said Vigg. "It was very naughty and ugly of me, and I am ashamed."

They went on and on, through many crooked roads, deeper and deeper into the mountain. After awhile it began to grow lighter, and at last they turned a corner and came into a grand hall. The walls were made of mountain crystals, which glittered brilliantly in the light of torches held by innumerable dwarfs, who were ranged around three sides of the great hall. The light shining through the crystals lighted it with all the colors of the rainbow.

On the fourth side of the hall was the king in his golden chair, dressed in ermine and velvet, sprinkled with precious stones, but his face was very grave and thoughtful.

Beside him sat his daughter, all dressed in silver gauze, most beautiful to look upon. She was pretty, but very, very pale, and seemed to be dying.

In the middle of the hall hung a huge pair of scales, and around the scales stood a great many dwarfs, laying weights now on one side and now on the other.

In front of the king stood a great crowd of brownies from all the houses and cottages for miles around. They told the king where they lived, and what they and their masters had thought and said and done during the last year.

For every good thought and every good thing of which they spoke the dwarfs laid a golden weight on one side of the scales, and for every bad thought and every bad thing they laid a toad or a snake in the other scale.

"Vigg," said Santa Claus, "that beautiful princess is very sick, and if she does not get out of the mountain soon she will die. She longs for the air of heaven, and the sunlight, and the sight of the golden stars in the sky. She has been promised that she should see the stony heavens, and the angels, and be happy forever. She longs for it all, but she cannot leave the mountain until some Christmas eve when the scale of good deeds and words shall be weighed down to the floor, and that with the evil shall go up to the ceiling. You see now the scales are just even."

Scarcely had Santa Claus said this when he was summoned before the king. He had a great deal to speak of, and it was nearly all good, for he worked only at Christmas time, when people are almost always kind and friendly to each other. The dwarfs laid many, many golden weights on the scale while Santa Claus was talking, and the side with them in it grew heavier and heavier.

While Santa Claus was speaking Vigg was on pins and needles, dreading to hear his own name pronounced. When at last it came, he turned first red and then pale. What Santa Claus said about him and about the wooden stockings I will not repeat, but the dwarf laid in the scale on the side of the bad things the dreadful toad that Vigg had seen in the stones. The toad was heavy, and every eye but that of Santa Claus was turned upon the little boy. The king and the princess, the dwarfs and the brownies, were all looking at him. Some of the glances were hard and severe and others full of compassion and sorrow, especially those of the beautiful princess, whose gaze was so mild and pitiful that Vigg covered his face with his hands, for he felt bitterly ashamed.

Santa Claus told about poor Mother Gertrude on the moor—how she had taken the little fatherless and motherless Vigg and cared for him, and how she made mittens and rugs and brooms and sold them to the grocer in the village in order to feed him; how willing she was to mend his clothes and do everything for him; how much she loved him and how little thought she had for herself, happy in his rosy cheeks and bright eyes and always ready to forgive even his disobedience; how earnestly she prayed for him every night before she went to sleep, and how only this very morning she had walked alone over the snow to the village just to get a Christmas tree and other little things for him.

While Santa Claus was telling this the dwarfs laid heavy golden weights in the scale of the good things, and the ugly green toad jumped down and disappeared, and the eyes of the beautiful princess were wet with tears, and Vigg was sobbing.

Yes, he was sobbing in his sleep, and the grand hall, with its crystal walls and brilliant lights, was gone, and Vigg was lying on his little bed in the cottage on the moor.

The Christmas fire was burning brightly in the stove, and by the bed stood Mother Gertrude, saying: "Poor little Vigg! You had to be all alone here for a long time with no light, but I could not get home sooner. Now I have the candle for you, and such a candle as it is! And bread and ginger cake and another cake for you to give to the sparrows tomorrow morning. And see here," added Mother Gertrude, "here is a pair of woolen stockings which I have made for you for your Christmas present. They are just what you need, and here is a pair of leather shoes, so that you need not wear your wooden ones on Christmas day."

Vigg had long wished to have a pair of leather shoes, and they made him very happy. He looked at them from all sides, but he looked so much longer at the woolen stockings that Mother Gertrude thought he was looking for some flaw in her work. The truth was that they were exactly like those that Santa Claus had had in his chest, and they made Vigg very thoughtful.

He threw his arms around Mother Gertrude's neck and said:

"Thank you, Mother Gertrude, for the shoes and the stockings, many times over for the stockings."

Now Mother Gertrude placed the pot on the fire and a white cover on the table, and the candle was lighted, and Vigg put on his new shoes and the woolen stockings. Sometimes he ran to the window and looked out on the wide, snowy moor and wondered about last night how it was that he got home and when. Santa Claus had been very kind to him, and so was dear Mother Gertrude, and Christmas eve was the most delightful time in all the world.—Romance.

Christmas Observance.

Properly or improperly, the observance of Christmas is well nigh universal in Christendom, even among those that ignore the anniversaries of our Lord's death and resurrection and of the descent of the Holy Spirit. There is another curious fact, the celebration of Christmas has been often perverted than that of the other festivals. Various customs of heathen origin were connected with it in the middle ages, and these abuses led many of the English and Scotch reformers to oppose any celebration of the day. But as a festival in the household it has now become so dear to children that we must observe it.—Rev. M. B. Riddle, D. D.

English Christmas Customs.

In England comparatively modern customs are almost identical with the Roman feasts—to wit, the plight in which old Cheshire farmers used to be at Christmas. At this season they were obliged to do their own work, for the servants were only engaged from Jan. 1 to Dec. 24, which plan gave them a week's holiday. This they employed in flocking to the towns, where they spent their money in revelry.—Exchange.

DE GIERS' GREATNESS.

The Famous Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs and His Work.

No man has had more to do with shaping the policy of Russia in important matters than Nicholas Carlovitch de Giers, "the Finlander," for many years imperial minister of foreign affairs. Shrewd and apparently very yielding, he gained a great influence over his imperial master, the czar, and was able to guide him in all matters of foreign policy. As a result, he became a power not only in Russia, but in the world of nations. He is a diplomat by nature and by education, none the less powerful in that he made no theatrical exhibition of the power he exercised. He was really second only to



NICHOLAS CARLOVITCH DE GIERS.

the czar, but his victories were of peace rather than of war. He was born May 21, 1820, and was the son of a colonel who came from a great Swedish family which settled in Finland ages before the Russians conquered it. He was educated in the Imperial Lyceum, at Zarskoje-Selo, and when eighteen years old entered the Asiatic department of the ministry of foreign affairs. In 1848 he was sent as diplomatic agent to the headquarters of Gen. Lueders, who was commander in chief during the Hungarian campaign; to help Russia get her grip on the Danubian provinces. After that he went to Constantinople as first secretary of the Russian embassy, and there he kept close watch on the events of the Crimean war. Then his hand appeared in Moldavia and Wallachia. In 1858 he went to Egypt as consul general. Then he appeared again in the Danube principalities. Everywhere he made history, almost imperceptibly, without trumpet or sword, except, perhaps, as incidental and minor aids. He went to Teheran as Russian minister in 1863, and succeeded in breaking England's influence. He virtually won Asia for the czar, and then was sent to Berne and afterward to Stockholm. He became chief assistant to Prince Gortschakoff, minister of foreign affairs, in 1875, whose favorite niece, Princess Kantakuzene, he married. He also reorganized the whole diplomatic service of Russia before

Czar Alexander II. was assassinated. Alexander III. sent De Giers to all foreign courts to bear the famous friendly message on the programme to be adopted, and then came the great conference between Alexander III. and Emperor William I. at Danzig, September 9, 1881, at which De Giers and Bismarck renewed the compact which had existed between the late czar and the German emperor. In 1882 De Giers became minister of foreign affairs, and since that time he has been one of the most powerful men in Europe.

BOMB FOR CLEVELAND.

How an Alabama Man Expected to Make Himself Talked About.

Congressman-elect M. W. Howard, of Fort Payne, Ala., the eccentric author of "If Christ Came to Congress," promises to make a sensational entrance in congress. This is what he told a New York interviewer the other day:

"I am going to introduce a resolution to investigate the means by which the Sherman silver act was repealed, and that will include an inquiry into Cleveland's connection with the Nova Scotia Coal company, with the sugar trust and with Wall Street Broker Bendet. In other words, I mean to try to find out how Cleveland has amassed a fortune of millions within the last five years. When he left the governor's chair in Albany his honorable poverty was graphically indicated in the fact that he possessed a single pair of 'pants.' He was a poor man when he quit his first term as pres-

ident. Now I have reliable information that he is worth in the neighborhood of \$4,000,000. I mean to ask: 'How did he get it?'

Mr. Howard is only thirty-one years old. He was born in Georgia, and read law at night, while working on a farm. He was admitted to the Alabama bar at the age of nineteen, being the youngest man ever admitted in the state. He will also be the youngest man in the next congress. He has been prosecuting and city attorney of Fort Payne, and is an able lawyer. He was chairman of his county democratic committee for eight years, and was a delegate to the Chicago convention in 1892.

We Won't See It.

There will not be a...

Venus until 2001.



There will not be a...

Venus until 2001.

Venus until 2001.

Venus until 2001.

Venus until 2001.

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JOHN H. KIRBY,
INSURANCE AGENT, STANFORD,
FOR FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT

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HOLY BIBLES.

A choice selection of large and small Bibles with references, concordances and indexed, at prices to suit all

Sunday-School Teachers,

Christian Endeavor and Holiness people.

New Books—new Poems, Novels and Children's Books.

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Bookseller and Druggist.

F.B.Twidwell

HUSTONVILLE, KY.,

Dealer In Drugs, Medicines, Fancy Groceries, Silverware, &c.

Has Opened his Immense Stock of

Holiday:-Goods

—And—

CHRISTMAS : TRIX,

This Stock has been selected with great care and any and everything from a cheap Toy to a most Elegant Present can be found.

Come Early and Get First Pick & Choice.

They will be sold Astonishingly Low.

F. B. TWIDWELL.

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H.C. RUPLEY,

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Advertising His

FALL:-AND:-WINTER:-GOODS.

Goods Warranted to be a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Give me a call.



THE BLUE GRASS HERD OF
Duroc Jersey Red Swine

R. H. Bronaugh, Prop.,
Crab Orchard, - - Kentucky.

Pigs for sale from the best types of Registered Stock. Free to a used from the best herds in several different States. Correspondence Solicited.



A Wrought Steel Range on exhibition at Higgins & McKinney's is a Beauty. The Economist has been sold for years but this is the improved. We will put it in your kitchen and if it is not what we claim we will remove it at our expense. Call and see it.
HIGGINS & MCKINNEY.

ECONOMIST!

Stanford Female College.

J. M. HUBBARD, A. M., President.

Next Session Begins Tuesday, Sep. 4, 1894.

Full corps of Conservatory and Normal teachers. Superior courses in Literature, Music and Art. Excellent reading Department. Catalogues and circulars furnished on application.

W. P. WALTON.

In explaining why Editor John L. Bosley ran 1,000 votes behind Hopkins, who was the republican candidate for the long Congressional term and he for the short term, the ex-Lincolnite says it was due to Hopkins' wide acquaintance, his church connection and extensive family connection. Suffice it to say that Bosley received nearly 2,000 more votes than the republican candidate two years ago and with but little acquaintance and a campaign of 60 days reduced the democratic majority 1,500 against great odds. Bro. Bosley adds that he "is very proud of his race as it was made on 'high pines' and against a gentleman of great ability and experience, and one who had especially coached the Tenth district for 20 years. Bosley had a good time, made many valuable acquaintances and did some good work for his party." We are satisfied with the explanation and move that Bro. Bosley be made the candidate for lieutenant governor. He has won his spurs and deserves such recognition. Let the ticket be Bradley and Bosley, and let the democrats beat it 50,000.

MADELINE POLLARD succeeded in silencing the silver-tongued Breckinridge, but in pulling down the pillows of the temple she was herself caught and mangled in the debris. She was unable to go on the stage because no theatre of standing would give her a date. She tried journalism and failed at that and the other day she applied to a Boston woman, who advertised for a French nurse to go abroad, and got snubbed for her pains. Verily her work of revenge has acted like a boomerang or a two-edged sword which cut as deep one way as the other.

EDITOR E. B. SMITH, of the Mt. Vernon Eagle, indulges in some natural and pardonable remarks in his last issue over the fact that he has moved his printery into his own brown stone front building, which is at once an ornament to the town and a monument to the editor's enterprise and energy. The man who could have amassed such a fortune in so short a time in a territory already well supplied with newspapers, would have gotten as rich Vanderbilt in a more favorable location.

CARLISLE's currency bill came very near failing to be reported, the vote of the committee standing 9 to 8. Mr. Ellis, of Kentucky, and Tom Johnson, of Ohio, a couple of statesmen who will soon be out of jobs, voted with the republicans against the bill. These two astute individuals may possess all the wisdom of the democratic party, but those who knew them best didn't think so, and until better informed the country will agree with the home estimate of them.

UNLESS some machinery of the law shall delay, Wm. Taylor, the negro who murdered David Doty in Madison, will have his worthless neck broken in less than a month after the commission of his crime. He was sentenced Saturday to be hung Jan. 11. This shows what the courts can do when they try and may the example be emulated and imitated till our crime-ridden State is freed from the thrall of evil-doers.

With commendable promptness, the governor detailed Col. E. H. Gaither to go to Hazard and report at once whether troops are necessary for the preservation of order and the conduct of the courts. Should the state of affairs be found as bad as has been reported, troops will be sent at once and the murderers who defied and shot at Judge Hall on the bench will be taken dead or alive, if possible, and brought to justice.

THE Murfreesboro, Tenn., people deserve a chrono. An Uncle Tom Cabin Co. swooped down on them the other night and they treated the actors to a shower of rotten eggs. That's the kind of reception the hoary old lie and those who essay its production should receive everywhere, until it is finally and for all time driven from the boards.

DENIS, the arch conspirator, has been sentenced to six months in jail at Chicago for contempt of court in the strike last summer. It should have been six years instead, but it will suffice to show the president of the American Railway Union, that the law is all powerful in this country, and that it can not be ignored with impunity.

SOME one has started a petition for open saloons at Corbin and Editor Chesnut is waltzing around on his aridarian to find out who it was and who was mean enough to sign it. The editor does not intend that whisky shall be sold there and proposes to fight it out on that line it takes all summer.

AN astute Lexington politician tells a Louisville Times reporter that after a careful survey of the field, he finds that Gov. McCreary stands the best chance for the U. S. Senate. Of course he does and he should. He is the best equipped man for the position in the State and his merit is bound to be recognized.

A fourth of all the soldiers and non-commissioned officers in the U. S. army are foreign born.

Poison is done for in this country and the prize ring will soon be numbed among the things of the past. The killing of Rowland in fight at Syracuse, N. Y., a few weeks ago by Bob Fitzsimmons has been followed by another victim of the ring, this time at New Orleans. Friday night in the 18th round L. Vinge, who had pummeled Andy Bowen unmercifully from the start, gave him a stunner over the heart, which laid him out and killed him in a few hours. The brutal sport has for a long time been losing in a public favor and these two incidents are likely to sound its death knell. Many States already forbid it and very soon it will fall into worse repute than the code duello. Let the "noble sport" go, along with the murderous foot ball game, which has resulted so far this season in the killing of three, paralyzing one, driving one crazy and maiming over 50.

THE pension bill to give away \$141,381,570 was passed by the House Saturday without amendment and without division. Old Dan Sickles, whom an instant Providence has spared without apparent reason, but who thank God will permanently retire from public office in March, took occasion to berate the president and the administration of the pension office and make a braving ass of himself generally. It is to be hoped that this is the last effort of the expiring animal.

THE Louisville Commercial copies an article defending the secret ballot humbug and credits it to this paper, but we rise to deny the allegation and defy the allegator. We have always opposed the secret ballot system of voting, because men can act so cowardly and rascally under it, and if we have ever written, indited, cut, carved or engraved anything favoring it, we hope we may never be forgiven, either in this world nor that which is to come.

OLD bachelors, widowers and what-nots, who find difficulty in securing wives, should hie to New York. A statement is just made by a statistician that there are 50,000 more women than men there, and being so largely in the majority they are possibly not so particular as they are here.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, the novelist, died of apoplexy at Apia, in the Samoan Islands. Among his most popular works was "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which was dramatized and had quite a run both in England and the United States.

NEWSY NOTES.

—The Louisville tax levy has been fixed at \$1.88.

—A young negro, who outraged a white girl near Hope, Ark., was lynched.

—Out of 35,000,000 people carried by Ohio railroads this year only two were killed.

—The French steamer La Champagne took \$3,800,000 of our gold across the Atlantic on her last trip.

—John Hackett, of Leporte, Ind., attempted to shoot his teacher, Prof. Jones, because he gave him a flogging.

—The Chesapeake and Ohio earned \$180,917.76 during the first week of December, an increase of \$10,000.

—The first conviction under a new law in Oregon has just sent a man to the penitentiary for a year for adultery.

—The report of the State Superintendent of Education shows that of 541,531 children of school age in Mississippi, 320,000 are colored.

—Dr. C. H. Butler, of Shelbyville, Ind., was stricken with paralysis while at Masonic lodge meeting and died before he could be taken home.

—Mayor H. T. Du can, of Lexington, is in New York, and has sold to Street, Weykes and Company \$25,000 worth of 4 per cent refunding bonds at par.

—The match at 100 birds for \$100 a side between Dr. Carver and Charles L. Grim, of Cedar Lake, Ia., shot at Chicago, was won by the latter by a score of 96 to 93.

—While James Sherman, of Jamestown, N. Y., was attending the burial of his son and daughter-in-law, who had been killed the day before by a train, his wife and step-daughter were murdered by unknown parties.

—A laborer, disguised as a Chinaman, applied for a job with a railroad bridge crew at Kokomo, Ind. Instead of receiving it he got a fearful beating from the workmen who were decidedly opposed to foreign immigration.

—Twelve-year-old Pearl Lee, colored, of Cynthia, put rough on rats in her aunt Annie Jackson's coffee because she had whipped her for following a band of music a few days before. The old woman died in great agony.

—John H. Beatty, a tramp who was run over and killed by a train near Chattanooga, had in his pocket a note containing the following: "If I am killed or injured, send me to my brother, E. R. Beatty, cashier of the First National Bank of Greenville, Pa."

—The railroads have decided that after Jan. 1, bicycles and baby carriages will not be carried as baggage. Under the new regulations, adopted, tolls must be paid on bicycles on the basis of a 100 pounds of baggage and on baby carriages on the basis of 50 pounds.

—Jesse Fields and Joseph Atkins were arraigned before Judge Hall, at Hazard, Perry county, for the murder of Judge Isaiah Combs, and, despite their threat that they would not go to jail, were held without bail and their cases were transferred to Leslie county.

—The Whisky Trust has increased its daily mash 12,000 barrels of grain.

—The Supreme Court of California has decided against the republicans and Budd, democrat, will be inaugurated governor.

—Robert A. Wilson, of Allen county, who was also Trustee of the Jury Fund, who disappeared some weeks ago, is short in his accounts about \$1,200.

—Attorney General Hendrick has given an official opinion that sheriffs must give three bonds, an "official" bond, a "revenue" bond and a "fiscal" bond.

—The residence of Judge Edward Anderson, near Lebanon burned. The loss is about \$12,000 and insurance \$7,500. Mrs. Kate Gallifly, a sister of Judge Anderson, jumped from a second story window and was seriously injured.

—The Boston Transcript kept a record of foot-ball accidents during the last season of 11 weeks. According to Transcript, three players were killed, one paralyzed, one became insane, nearly 50 others were injured some seriously.

—At Elwood, Ind., Diamond Plate Glass company, which owns and controls over 200,000 acres of gas territory, has just drilled five new gas wells, which are monsters. The last one of the lot has an output exceeding 5,000,000 cubic feet per day.

—The appropriation for collecting the income tax is a part of the Urgent Deficiency Bill passed the House. A motion by Mr. Cockran to strike out the income tax appropriation was defeated by a vote of 49 to 169. Regulations for the collection of the tax have been sent out.

—The Bureau of Engraving and Printing is working night and day now turning out postage stamps. The average daily issue is 17,500,000. The average consumption is 8,000,000, but for the next three weeks during the holiday season it will be nearly double this or 16,000,000.

—The plurality of Evans, republican candidate for governor in Tennessee, has at last been found to be 748. It is probable that the election may be contested before the Legislature, on the ground that many were allowed to vote in Eastern Tennessee without payment of poll-tax.

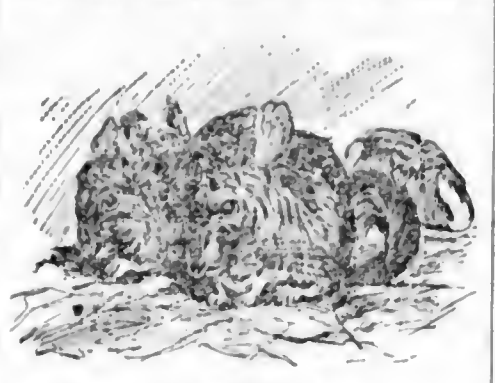
—Details of the earthquake and volcanic disturbances in the New Hebrides islands show the situation serious in the extreme. No less than 60 lives were lost and valuable coffee fields were completely ruined. On one island an entire village with every inhabitant was carried into the sea.

—The electric lights and water works were turned on at Shelbyville Friday night. There is one arc light at the intersection of every cross street on Main street and one at every second crossing on the streets parallel with it. There are 54 fire hydrants, one at every street corner and there will be 6 free hydrants in working order in a few weeks.

—It has been shown that Jailer Bailey, of Jefferson county, after paying his deputies and all other expenses of conducting the jail, has made \$28,344.25 from his office in the last year. He has held the place eight years. His successor, Dick Watts, however, will not be allowed under the new law to make over \$5,000 a year, the remainder of the fees to be turned over to the public treasury.

A Gentle Little Fur Beaver.

Among fur clothed animals whose skins are in great favor the little chinchilla of South America occupies an important place. Its general appearance is somewhat like that of the rabbit. Its hind legs, being nearly twice as long as



THE CHINCHILLA.

the other pair, give it a very different appearance from that of its fellow victim, the beaver. Its ears, too, are large, and the bushy tail is tufted with long, stiff hairs at the ends.

Its delicate fur is too well known to need description. In the northern parts of Chile the chinchilla may be found in numbers, living in underground burrows and feeding upon the roots of certain plants, and it is the chinchilla of the Andes particularly of which the fur constitutes an important article of commerce. If caught, the little animal will let itself be caressed and neither struggles nor bites. Owing to its cleanly habits, it is well fitted to make a home pet in suitable climates.

Jocular Christmas Gifts.

It will increase the joy and jollity of Christmas morning exceedingly if the children find that their elders have entered into the spirit of the time to such a degree that stockings of all conceivable sizes and shapes bulge with strange contents over the fireplace. The more amusing the gifts tucked away in toe and heel the more uproarious will be the mirth before breakfast. The old trick of wrapping a pair of cuff buttons in multitudinous papers until they form a bundle as big as a potato will never fail to excite interest and enthusiasm. A jack in the box put in the stocking of a stout father of a family has been known to cause reminiscent chuckles of glee through a whole day, and the most amusing thing that Mark Twain ever said would pale in effect before the amusement caused by the mother's drawing a cream whip from her stocking.—Exchange.

BED ROCK PRICES.

A. R. Penny's Drug Store.

.....This Year.....

Our Stock Can Not Be Described

Within the limits of a newspaper advertisement, but a personal inspection will satisfy you that we can give you

GENUINE BARGAINS.

.....IN.....

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

.....Of all grades.....

Clocks, Silverware, Watches & Jewelry.

We have a pile of money in these goods and they MUST be sold.

G. L. PENNY, Exr.

EVERY LINE COMPLETE.

A REALISTIC NOVELETTE.

CHAPTER I.

The young man who sat in the window of the eighteenth story of the Colossus building balanced himself neatly on the window ledge and surveyed the eddying noonday throng beneath him. There was an air of elegance and self-poise about him that bespoke the man of leisure and refinement.

Suddenly he heard the mad clang of a bell down the street, and with a sudden motion turned to see a fire engine rushing up the crowded thoroughfare.

A second later a cry of horror arose from the street.

In his eagerness the young man had lost his balance and was falling with lightning speed to the street below.

CHAPTER II.

The faces of the thousands who saw the frightful leap were pale with terror as the young man's body, striking a projecting sign in his flight, bounded far out toward the street.

Strong men wept, and women turned their blanched faces aside.

With a horrible thud the falling figure reached the granite pave midway in the street.

CHAPTER III.

But the thousands who rushed forward to see if a spark of life remained in the prostrate figure were suddenly held back.

The fire engine, with maddened steeds and heavy, rumbling wheels, was close at hand.

In vain the frightened driver tried to check the precipitous motion of his machine.

As well might he have stopped the ball at a cannon's mouth.

Almost before the crowd could know what had occurred the flying engine had reached the prostrate form and passed directly over it.

CHAPTER IV.

Save for the low sobs of some anguished women and the muffled exclamations of horror from the men the crowd was completely hushed.

Two of the best men in the crowd assemblage sprang forward, together with a stout policeman, and stood above the form of the young man.

The policeman turned away with a sad face and started for the patrol box. But ere he had taken two steps the figure on the pavement straightened out, and the young man rose, dusted his clothes off with his handkerchief and started to walk away.

"Hold on," said the officer, "you're injured."

"I guess not," replied the young man as he lit a cigarette. "I am a college football player."—Chicago Record.

—Red Bull, 2:14, while not entered in any of the great stakes, won \$10,000 in season.

WHEN!

In the history of Stanford has such an opportunity been presented to the people? Commencing at once we shall offer such unheard of values as to make this week's sales a veritable harvest for the consumer. Remember we have promised you the greatest

CUT -:- SALE

On record for this week and a few prices below will show you that we do not intend to disappoint you. Read carefully, you will be sure to find something mentioned that you are in need of, as our stock is large and assortment varied.

Down Go THE Prices.

All Calicoes, Indigo blues, Simpson blacks and all best brands go at 3 1/2c. Trion AAA extra heavy unbleached Cotton 3 1/2c; good heavy bleached cotton flannel 4 1/2c yard; Apron check and dress gingham 4 1/2c; double width dress goods all shades 8 1/2c; all shades half wool Henriettas 12 1/2c; ladies' pure linen silk embroidered handkerchiefs 5c each; ladies' all silk handsomely embroidered handkerchiefs 5c each; ladies' all silk handsomely embroidered handkerchiefs 10c; All linen Damask napkins white and colored borders, combed fringe 35c dozen; elegant towel 54x26 in nice patterns colored borders only 20c pair; 36 inch long Turkish bath towels for same money. Men's underwear good and warm only 45c suit. Don't forget to lay in a supply of our standard knitting yarn 25c lb. Men's unlaundered shirts, don't fail to see them, at 25c. Same in boys' sizes 20c. Men's night robes; Eureka cotton handsome silk embroidered fronts extra length 50c.

How Is This For Shoes.

Can any one undersell us? They hate never done it yet? So here goes. Infants' Shoes at 20c; a good heavy woman's shoe 50c; gentlemen's nice dress shoe 60c; good heavy working shoe for men 60c; full

stock, solid leather boot, at \$1.25. Our clothing stock is the largest and most complete in Central Kentucky and is one continuous bargain through the entire line.

LOUISVILLE : STORE,

STANFORD, KY.,

A. URBANSKY & CO., Proprietor
T. D. RANNEY, Manager.

Branch Stores.

Paris, Carlisle, Mt. Sterling, Bardstown, Lawrenceburg, Cynthia, Versailles, Ky. and Mackport, Ind.

The Best Selection.

PERSONAL POINTS.

Miss Rhoda Lunkford went to Louisville yesterday.

Mrs. St. Clair, mother of Mrs. Steele Bailey, is quite ill.

Miss Ethel Brazley has been visiting friends in Lancaster.

Buchanan, of Crab Orchard, has been visiting Sam Burch.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kirby have gone to the St. Asaph Hotel to live.

Thomas Scott, of Somerset, has been visiting his brother, Ethel Scott.

Mrs. Cath Bailey returned with Mrs. Linda Hayden to Louisville Saturday.

Mr. L. M. Westfield went to his home at Parkville last week quite sick.

Miss Nancy Kennedy, of the West End, was the guest of Miss Jennie Cooper.

Mrs. L. E. Farris, of Lexington, spent several days with her father, Mr. J. H. Rout.

Logan Hughes has, on account of his health, been forced to stop school at Centre College.

Mrs. J. S. Stapp and Mrs. J. H. Stephens, of Crab Orchard, were here shopping yesterday.

Mrs. Mollie Wray and family will remove to the Misses Brazley's property, opposite her present residence.

Charles P. Cecil, the Boyle county horseman, is very ill of inflammatory rheumatism at Martinsville, Ind.

Dr. S. C. Perkins has returned from Philadelphia and is now better prepared than ever to cut open his patients around Bee Lick.

Mrs. Mattie Frazier, of Lancaster, Mrs. J. E. Farris and Mrs. G. C. Keller, of Stanford, are visiting Mrs. W. C. Price, Advocate.

Mr. J. H. Haughman is in the mountains on business and if he is as sharp a man as we take him, he spent Sunday in Barboursville.

Mr. W. H. Campbell, who went with his family to Missouri a year ago to live is back at McKinney, satisfied that there is no place on earth like the old Kentucky home.

Mrs. R. J. Lytle, who was Miss Anne Cook, has contracted with the First Methodist church of Nashville to sing a solo each Sunday for the nice little sum of \$400 per year.

E. B. Smith, editor of the Mt. Vernon Eagle, was here Saturday. We expected to find him too stuck up to speak to an ordinary, every day laborer, since he has spread himself so largely, but if he was proud he tried hard not to show it.

Mr. George C. Keller, Jr., formerly of this office, but now of Washington, D. C., kindly remembers us with an invitation to a reception to be given by the Washington Light Infantry in that city January 1st. Mr. Keller was elected to membership in this company on account of his size and good looks. No member is less than 6 feet nor 175 in weight.

CITY AND VICINITY.

Trade with Danks, the leading Jeweler.

A. A. Bartin has been appointed post master at Ewell, this county.

For Rent.—My large new dwelling on Upper Main street. Eight rooms. S. P. Siegel.

For Sale or Rent.—My house and 11 acre lot on Danville pike. Mrs. Fannie Dunn.

Come in and see our display before purchasing and get the lowest prices. W. B. McRoberts.

Toys and candies cheaper than any house in town. If you don't believe it try me. R. Zimmer.

For Rent.—The brick residence now occupied by Mrs. Wray, on Main street. Apply to Dr. Steele Bailey.

Six beggars called at one house in town Friday asking assistance, and it wasn't a good day for beggars either.

DIAMONDS

at Danks', The Jeweler.

The next Interior Journal will likewise be the size of this and continue so if our advertising patronage demands it.

For Rent.—House and premises on Danville Avenue, now occupied by J. M. Carter. Apply to Judge Varnon. Miss Mary Varnon.

Blood Hound.—Col. Huff Dudderar is tired of midnight and other marauding and has bought a blood hound. He paid \$50 for him to a Hardin county man and has sent his son to bring him home.

The Somerset Paragon says that Miss Ellen Ballou's pupils in Dramatic Action and Physical Culture will give an entertainment for the benefit of the Maroons at the court house there Friday evening, 21st.

A good citizen of this place suggests that the several surrounding counties go in with Lincoln and buy a pack of blood hounds to ferret out thefts and other evil deeds in the future. The dogs certainly did good work in Madison and would no doubt do as well here if we had them.

Read Danks' big ad. this week.

For Rent.—The Pink Cottage. Apply at this office.

The days are at their shortest now, 10 hours and 32 minutes.

Solid silver tableware in elegant designs at Danks', the people's jeweler.

If you want Christmas presents for your friends read our ad. and then come and see for yourself. Hughes & Tate.

Cake tissue paper, beautiful colors for lamp shades and decorations. W. B. McRoberts.

Big lot of Christmas goods. Come early and get them while they are fresh. Farris & Hardin.

Don't forget we are the people to buy your Xmas candles, fruits, &c., from. All fresh. Higgins & McKinney.

For Sale on Rent.—Residence occupied by E. K. Wearon. Price \$15, monthly payments. Thos. Richards, Stauffer.

Sterling silver novelties make a pretty Xmas present. All the latest fads are being shown by Danks, the jeweler.

It's just a week till Christmas! The Latin people hit the bull's eye when they remarked several hundreds of years ago: Tempus fugit.

The boys are arranging for a hop Friday night in Christmas, but judging from the results of the meetings, they will have to import girls to dance.

If you want a tea set, dinner set, chamber set, vase or hanging lamp, fancy cups, mugs, child's tea sets, &c., we can suit you. Higgins & McKinney.

The burning of Chris Gentry's home yesterday ought to remind you to insure yours if you have not already done so. See John H. Kirby at once. He has a number of the best companies.

Persons seeking Xmas presents will do well to inspect the magnificent stock that is now being shown by our leading jeweler. "Presents to suit all purses" is his motto and everyone who enters may feel assured of courteous treatment. You will find Danks, the jeweler, up to date in style and prices.

The Knights of Pythias will have public installation of officers at Old Fellows Hall on their first meeting night in the new year, Thursday, Jan. 3. After these ceremonies, which will be free to all, a grand banquet will be given at R. Zimmer's. Later on in the new year the play of Damon and Pythias will be rendered at Walton's Opera House, by members of the order here.

Owiso to sickness, Mr. Richard C. Hocker will not perform at Mr. E. H. Beasley's declamatory contest at the Opera House, Dec. 27. His place will be filled by Simpson H. Knapp, of Kentucky University, who will declaim "Rum's Mania." Of the judges selected Mr. Beasley says Mr. C. C. Williams, of Mt. Vernon, has accepted, but he has not heard from Hons. O. H. Waddle, Somerset, or George E. Stone, Liberty.

For trade between Withers & Hocker and Mack Hoffman has been made, the latter disposing of his stock of furniture, house and baskets in a lump to them. Both stores will run as they are till New Year's, when the stocks will be combined and put in the large double store-room now occupied by B. F. Jones & Son. Mr. Joe C. McClary will have charge of the undertaking department for the new firm, which we are sure will have a most successful career.

Ten following members of the Maccabees Lodge here went to Lancaster Saturday night and with the assistance of Supreme Chaplain G. H. Terpany, of New Canby, Ind., organized a tent with 97 members: M. E. Elkin, G. G. Wine, A. J. Karp, Thomas Dalton, Joe F. Waters, Al H. Severance, John Meir and E. C. Walton. The credit of getting up a lodge at that place is due to Mr. M. F. Elkin, who has spent a month or more in the effort. The tent will be known as Lancaster Tent, No. 15, and the most important officers are James I. Hamilton, Past Commander; H. A. B. Marksbury, Commander; W. E. Broadbent, Lieutenant Commander; Record Keeper; Jake Joseph, Chaplain; J. F. Cook.

Bold Robbery.—Thieves effected entrance into the freight depot Friday night by prizing open a shutter and raising a window, through which a boy or a very small man, as the tracks show, got through the bars and opened a door. Then a lock was broken to get into the telegraph office and another lock to get into the express room, where the safe and uncalled for packages are kept. The packages were opened and examined, and if the contents were of no considerable value they were left, and several C. O. D. packages taken, none, however, of great value. The attempt to open the safe shows that the work was that of amateurs. The large crowbar that belongs in the depot and another, which may assist in identifying the scamps, were found wedged in the door so securely it was almost impossible to withdraw them. The knob was broken off and an attempt at blowing open with powder was evidently made, without avail. It was a Hall's safe and it stood the rough treatment and held its contents most gratifyingly to Agent J. S. Rice, who tells us that there was \$85 in money in it and a number of packages, containing money and other valuables.

Ladies, this is the last week for presents at the lowest prices. Call in and you can be suited in every way. Farris & Hardin.

Come in and see us. We will give you a hearty Xmas welcome and show you goods galore at rock bottom prices. Danks, the jeweler.

Removal.—Messrs. Hughes & Tate will move into the store-room in Opera House Block, now being used by Mack Hoffman, about Jan. 1st.

Don't forget the Maccabee entertainment at Walton's Opera House, Thursday night, next. You are cordially invited to come and bring your friends.

To show how little the difference is noticed in time, the town clock has been running at standard time for several days without half the people being aware of it.

Mr. A. C. Sisk's lecture at Old Fellows Hall to night promises to be largely attended. He is thoroughly posted on "Old Fellowship" and will make it entertaining to all who attend.

Please look at the label on this paper and if your subscription is not paid attend to it at once. We do not ask it as a favor, but demand it as a right that you should pay us what you owe.

After a dismal and dreary, rainy Sunday the clouds were lifted late in the afternoon and yesterday was a bright and beautiful day. The predictions at hand read, "Fair, slightly warmer Tuesday."

We expect to move to the house occupied by Mr. Mack Hoffman, January 1, and will move everything in our stock by the move. Read our ad. and then come and see us. Hughes & Tate.

On our first page will be found some observations on his trip South, made by Rev. Madison C. Peters in a sermon on his return to New York, which go far to wards excusing him for the tiresome lecture he delivered here. Dr. Peters is a man of parts, but unfortunately failed to show his best part in Stanford.

Fire.—The residence of C. V. Gentry at the old Buffalo Mills, caught fire at noon yesterday and was entirely consumed. Mr. Gentry saved most of his furniture in a very badly damaged condition, and upon which he had no insurance. The house belonged to John H. Farris and was insured with J. D. Wearon in the Manchester for \$700.

New Stone.—Messrs. Farris & Hardin will open about Jan. 1st in the store-room adjoining them, which will be vacated by Hughes & Tate by that time, a stock of dry goods, notions, boots, shoes and gents' furnishings goods. A portion of the partition between the two store-rooms will be removed and they will have one of the biggest and best stores in the country.

A motion was made in the council meeting the other night to relieve Chief of Police O. J. Newland from office, but it died a 'borning, only the vote of the mover being recorded for it. It was alleged that Newland had not done his duty with reference to the removal of some hog pens, but as the police judge had sustained him in his action it will be seen that that was only a flimsy pretext. Newland is the best marshal a town ever had, but he is most too observant in some things for some people and that accounts for the milk in the coconut.

Mrs. G. B. Cooper had a narrow escape from a fearful death Saturday afternoon. Her cook was making soap in the yard and while out overseeing the job her dress caught fire. The cook, who was then some distance away saw the blaze and rushed to Mrs. Cooper, but in her excitement failed to render any assistance until that lady was almost enveloped in flames. Finally she regained sufficient presence of mind to throw a bucket of water on her, which no doubt saved her life. Mrs. Cooper's dress and several skirts were burned nearly off of her, but strange to say a slight burn on her side and hands were the only injuries she received.

Bad News.—Instead of checks for dividends after all these weary months of waiting, President R. W. Hocker, of the Metropolitan National Bank, of Kansas City, dumped a section of the North Pole around the spinal columns of the stockholders here by notifying them that they are expected to walk up to the captain's office and settle bad debts to the amount of \$250,000. That's the purport of it, the proposition is sugar coated slightly by calling it a reduction of stock, which the directors have deemed to be the best interests of the institution. If this reduction was to be paid to the stockholders in money, there would be no kick, but as each shareholder will be made to lose a third of his holdings, the proposition has cast a damper over that portion of the community directly interested. Some of the stockholders here will write that as rents and other expenses will be reduced, salaries might also be cut and an attempt made to run along as now. If not, they would like to get what is coming to them and have the thing off their minds. About \$50,000 of the stock is held here.

Over 1,000 sons and daughters and their progeny of George Wilkes 2:22 have equalled or beaten that great horse's record.

The dam of Gil Curry, 2:11, sold for \$100 under the hammer.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

The Christian church elected Dr. W. B. O'Bannon and J. H. Baughman deacons at its Sunday morning's meeting.

The churches have resumed their regular Sunday night services. There was an addition to the Christian church Sunday night and the ordinance of baptism will be observed at the Wednesday's prayer meeting.

The pastor of a Louisville church asked a young man to cease talking during services Sunday night and on his refusing to do so he called a cop and the man was lodged in jail. The jail is the proper place for a man who can not behave in church or any other public place.

The Methodist meeting has closed after a continuance of a little over three weeks. Besides the sanctifications, there were 11 conversions and additions to the church, and the meeting will long be a memorable one in Stanford to those who saw such strange things come to pass among us.

Mrs. Davenport, of Ulster county, N. Y., was on her knees saying her prayers, but being too near the fire the flames caught her dress and she was so badly burned that she died soon after. The moral of this is not that you should not pray, but that when you do it is safe to keep a respectable distance from the fire.

FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.

Egbert has put five in the 2:30 list this year.

For Sale.—Good and safe family horse. Apply to W. P. Walton.

Butter is lower than for years in Louisville, good being quoted at 8 to 10c. —Alex Martin sold to John Anderson a small bunch of butcher stuff at 1 1/2 to 2c.

Josiah Bishop sold to J. T. Johnson, of Boyle, 50 hogs at 4c. They averaged 225 pounds.

Devil's Deputy is the name of a premium New York show horse with a record of 2:41.

A load of Christmas cattle, weighing 1,475 lbs., sold for \$2.25 on the Chicago market last week.

The pacing mare, Belle Vara, is a branded pony, but she did some good work last season.

Peter Nelson, Bull Doble's horse-shoer, will shortly visit Europe and study horse-shoeing abroad.

Burglars cracked the safe of the Nicholasville Milling Co., and got only 75 coppers for their trouble.

J. Owsley Evans, of Boyle, bought a lot of cattle of Jesse Fox at 2 1/2 to 3c and a lot of late yearlings of John Woods at 3.15.

The get of Onward won \$15,156 the past season. Of this amount his three-year-old daughter, Beuzetta, 2:12, won \$2,880.

Jesse Fox sold to Alex R. and James N. Denny, 47 feeders averaging 1,050 pounds, at 3.70. These cattle lost nearly 100 pounds each in the drive from Wayne county here.

Joseph Wallace sold Tuesday to A. C. Miles, 20 shoats, averaging 100 lbs., 3 1/2 cts. J. T. Veach & Co., Wilmore, sold to Simon Wehl, 40 head of 1,000 lb. steers at 2 1/2 cents.—Jesseamine Journal.

The new Louisville Jockey Club has added the Louisville Futurity Stake to its already liberal list that will go far to ward making the sport here what it was a few years ago. It will be for two year-olds at 42 furlongs and will be worth at least \$10,000.

Farris & Whitley delivered 180 head of export cattle to Simon Wehl this morning, for Goldsmith. They averaged 1,495 pounds and were sold at \$4.50. Farris & Whitley have sold over \$30,000 worth of cattle to Wehl alone this fall. —Advocate.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Stockholders' Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Farmers Bank and Trust Co. will be held at their banking house in Stanford on the first Wednesday in January, 1895, for the purpose of electing 11 Directors to serve the ensuing year.

J. B. OWSLEY, Cashier

Stockholders' Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the National Bank of Hustonville will be held at their banking house in Hustonville on the second Tuesday in January, 1895, for the purpose of electing nine Directors to serve the ensuing year, between 9 and 12 o'clock, a. m.

J. W. HOCKER, Cashier.

Stockholders' Meeting.

A meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Stanford will be held at their banking house on the second Tuesday in January, 1895, for the purpose of electing 11 Directors for the ensuing year.

JOHN J. McROBERTS, Cashier.

TO MY FRIENDS

IN THIS VICINITY

After a reconsideration, and hard times, I have concluded to have no public sale of my effects on the 23d, but

Will Remain at Rowland in the Coal Business.

And thanking you for your liberal patronage in the past, hope by strict attention to business to maintain my reputation as the

Low Price Coal Man,

And a liberal share of your patronage.

Will Handle All Kinds of Coal,

And my prices shall be the lowest.

Respectfully,
S. D. ADAMS, Rowland.

DIAMONDS

And other Precious Stones.

SPECTACLES,

Opera Glasses, Silver Tea Sets, Carving Sets, Water Sets, Baking Dishes, Cake Stands, Soup

s, Nut Bowls, Rodger's Goods,

BANQUET : LAMPS,

Imported China,

ONYX : TABLES,

Dentella Ware,

FINEST - CUT - GLASS,

Solid Silver Mantle Clocks, Plated Ware.

NOVELTIES

In every conceivable shape for man, woman and child.

Danks

Has got the goods and will make the prices that will fill all stockings. All the latest wrinkles are to be here found.

The

Store is full of good things that everybody wants. We are sure to please you in selection. Buy your Xmas present of the

Jeweler

That is a jeweler and you will get reliable goods that

ARE UP TO DATE.

Call. Courteous treatment whether you buy or not.

Christmas Presents.

CALL AND SEE OUR DISPLAY.

What Will You Buy?

Our stock is large, new and complete. Prices marked down to suit the times.

Novelties and Mirrors.

New Mirrors, Toilet Sets, Infant Sets, Manicure Sets, Traveling Cases, Sterling Mounted Lizard Card Cases and Purses, Perfume Atomizers, Photo Boxes and Albums, Picture Frames, Baskets, Collar and Cuff Boxes.

BOOKS AND BIBLES.

A choice selection of Bibles and Testaments, Poems, New Novels, Standard Sets, New juveniles, Children's Board Books and Picture Books.

Musical Instruments.

Buy a present for a friend, of superior quality and cheap. Guitar, Mandolin, Harp, Accordion, Violin or Music Box.

Beautiful Dolls.

Kid body, jointed, China and Dressed Dolls, Bisque Heads with natural Hair, Doll Beds, Cradles and Chairs, Doll Dressers and Paper Dolls.

GAMES AND DOLLS.

New Card Games and Alphabet Blocks, Doll Buggies, Express Wagons, Catts, Trunks, Pianos, Tea Sets, Banks and Baby Toys.

W. B. McROBERTS.

INFERIOR MOTIVES.

A Point to be Considered in the Education of Children.

It is most important in reasoning with children that only the best motives for conduct should be given them, and never inferior or wrong ones.

A conscientious child will often make mistakes and do the wrong thing, while he has the most sincere and unselfish desire to do the right one. Such actions in such children should not be scolded or condemned too harshly. For it is the motive that most matters. So long as the intention be right the action may be amended, and the child learn from his error to avoid it in future.

The difference between the motive and the action, and their interdependence are not often enough explained to children. It is more possible for a child to understand the distinction than people usually think. If, as might easily be done, the teacher would put the idea into simple and familiar words, most children could grasp it, and learn to be their own guides in future, and what is what all child teaching should tend toward, and it is teaching thrown away.

Children quickly appreciate high motives. To urge your boy to do right because it is brave to do so, or because it is honorable, or because it is true, is to speak to him in a language which he can understand as well as you. And to know only such motives tends to make him the truthful, brave or honorable boy you wish him to be.

On the other hand, to habitually incite him to goodness because of the candy which comes to good boys or the punishment which awaits bad ones, is to create in him only the motives of greed and fear. These incentives are not only demoralizing to the character of the child, but the force of them is weakened as the boy grows older.

Again, it is a mistake to appeal to "outside" motives with children, such as acting for the sake of appearance or because some one is watching. "Be a good child, for uncle is looking at you;" "Don't be rude to your sister or misbehave at the table while company is here;" "How ugly it looks for a little girl to be disobedient or unkind;" "See how pretty it is to be amiable or generous;" "People always admire a gentle little girl." Such phrases surely do not show a child the best reasons why he should do right. Children do understand and appreciate better ones. And children have a right to the best. They have a right to as good motives as those we try to live up to ourselves.—Harper's Bazar.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

Run spoons with salt to remove egg stains.

Fats and tins saturated with glycerine will not shrink.

The latest clothes prop for the back yard is a slender iron pole.

Tie collars are apt to produce a permanent swelling of the throat.

After knives have been cleaned they may be brilliantly polished with charcoal powder.

Disinfectants should be washed out in hot, clean sponges daily and boiled in soda once a week.

Uxox contains the principal part of the embroidery is now placed upon the turnover portion of the top. This has much the effect of a valance when well overlaid.

Amie made of old Ingrain carpet, cut bias and sewed on to ticking or denim with carpet thread, is said to last ten years and grow softer and prettier every year. The preferred width of the bias strips is one inch, and they should be sewed by the middle—on the foundation, at spaces a quarter of an inch apart.

For a dry shampoo the hair should be loosened, then every inch of the scalp should be gently rubbed until all the dust and dandruff are loosened. The hair should be parted in different parts of the head and brushed with a very stiff little brush until the scalp is clean, and the hair also. Then it should be rubbed with niohol or some hair tonic and the snails gently combed and brushed out.

For shampooing get five cents' worth of powdered Castile soap, the same quantity of borax; add to them a tablespoonful of alcohol, the beaten yolk of an egg and a pint of hot water. Put this in a bottle and cork. There is sufficient for three or four shampoos, as it only takes a small quantity applied to the scalp to cause a good lather, which must, however, be carefully rinsed out with several basins of warm water.

Vaseline for the Toilet Table.

Vaseline should have a place on every well-regulated toilet table. Rubbed into the eyebrows and on the lashes it stimulates their growth. It is sometimes good to take internally, as a remedy for colds. It is an excellent salve for burns and cuts. It should not be used much on the face, however, as it produces a growth of hair.

What Benzoin Will Do.

Benzoin is one of the best friends of woman. A few drops of it in a basin of water gives a pleasant odor to the face and hands. It helps to whiten the skin and to tighten it. Tan and wrinkles are both removed by its action, and, combined with glycerine or alcohol, it is an excellent lotion.

Buckin's Earache Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

NYE IN THE ST. CROIX

HE DWELLS ON THE ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION THERE.

And in Writing of It All He Tells of How the Cyclone Mocked With His Anatomy, and of His Leg, That Was Laid Up in a Glass Case For Repairs.

(Copyright, 1894, by Edgar W. Nye.)

IN THE ST. CROIX VALLEY DURING THE 18-19TH CENTURY OF THE PRESENT YEAR.

It seems almost incredible now, looking over this most beautiful and prosperous country, which pours a flood of wealth into the coffers of the New England farm mortgages, that where we now stand the rank thistle once nodded in the wind and the wild fox or the woodchuck dug his hole unscared.

Here, where the shriek of the locomotive on half a dozen Chicago lines entering St. Paul and Minneapolis echoes up and down the beautiful lake, and where once the godless barbarian rose from his couch unmolested and uncivilized, there now stands a penitentiary with a seating capacity of 1,800 and turning away business every day.

Where now is the bronze maiden with the chapped feet?

Echo answers, "Heap gone, all same woodbine!"

Here, where cultivation has reached the very apex of Norwegian refinement, and where the other evening I disappointed a large audience as a substitute for Canute Nelson, known and beloved here in the northwest as the Little Short Necked Norwegian, once the dinky warrior had his home, and in the crisp spring weather his fiancée strained the golden maple sirup through her blanket, yet warm from her bronze shoulders.

"What changes have come here!" as one of my Pop friends said last evening. Forty-two years ago I came to this country and found it in the very vanguard of barbarism. Indians without suitable underclothing for this rigorous climate roamed up and down the St. Croix and violated the game law with impunity.

No white man's life was safe. It has taken me over 40 of the best years of my life to bring about a change, but in that same valley there are now a thousand schoolhouses, one nominal school in this congregational district, as my Pop friend says, and 150 churches that are almost self-supporting.

One can hardly believe that here where now we sit surrounded by all that can go to exalt and embellish life, a few brief years ago the nasty Indian camped out and lived joyous and jagged. He did not know that by his death came into the world. He knows it now; also that pneumonia comes with log-houses and steam heat, into hours and a croak full of stillwater wassail.

Since then we have come through all the various periods and strata that go to build the geological abutments upon which rest civilization and appendicitis. No one had appendicitis when I came here on the stern deck of a horse in 1852. We had no comforts, no parais, no esoteric research, no acute gastritis, no erotic poetry outside the lumber camps, and I was baptized by the same man who shed my steers. These were grand old days, and no one hesitated about being immersed by a man who could stagger a stag with one blow or hold the hind leg of a clay bank mule till the ornery brute ruptured himself with suppressed wrath.

I tell you these pioneer expounders of the Scriptures never drowned anybody. I've seen a 300 pound man immersed in the Kinnie Kinnick, and after playing him on the bank, jumped up out of the water, cracked his heels together and called for another. It was March, and over and over a 25 pound cake of ice would hit the parson in the back, but the rosy old apostle liked it, and we often had to go into the river and pull him out by force, he liked it so well.

Then came the vast appetite for real estate, when every one was excited, and even the preacher said one day in an absentminded way as he opened the Bible, "Brothers and sisters, today you will find my text in the N. W. 1/4 of the S. W. 1/4 of section 9, township 38, range 18, west."

The little upper Mississippi steamboats came up the river after the ice went out, and one long toot of the whistle would empty a church in eight minutes. Some of these little boats were like the Georgia steamer with the one horsepower engine and 12 horse whistle. I remember a little boat with a pocket engine and a calliope, and every time the calliope played the boat stopped. Sam Jones says there are too many Christians like that. When they "holer" amen, they stop.

It was near this spot where I am writing that my brother, now persecuting attorney of Minneapolis, once invited me to come with him and participate in a cyclone. It did not last long, but the tailors now make one of my trousers less three-eighths of an inch shorter than the other.

People now come hundreds of miles to view the spot. I have referred to this



THE RED FELL.

accident before, and probably by referring to it again now those few who did believe it will go over to the majority, but I can prove it by two physicians, both of whom set my leg, and a third physician who reset it about a week later when my bed fell down.

I was placed on a cheap bed and an extension put on the leg—that is, a piece of adhesive plaster was put on the sole of the foot, and to this a cord was attached which passed up over the foot of the bed and over a pulley to a couple of flat irons which kept my limb pulled out to its full capacity all the time when the bone was knitting. One day I heaved a sigh, and as I did so the bed fell with a loud report, leaving my foot in the air.

Gosh, how it hurt!

A nurse and my fond wife were there, but they could not pull me out from the chaos of bed and shattered legs. All they could do was to wring their hands and put cologne on my brow.

It was one of the saddest situations I ever accepted. Finally my wife, who is a woman of quick intelligence, suggested that I could be slowly elevated by an educational process. She got two sets of encyclopedias and some of my own literary works, and with these she managed to build up under my giant frame as I went up on one elbow at a time, so that when the doctor came I was resting, white and faint, with a work on phonology under my head and a big octavo on lumbering in the northwest under my lumbar region.

The cyclone is a very quick movement of disturbed air in various directions and is injurious to animal life. It is, as I may say, in almost every case, acute disturbance of aerial particles resulting from inflated climate.

The careful student of atmospheric phenomena notices at first a small cloud about the size of a man's hand, but very soon it assumes the size and blackness of threatened tariff legislation, and before one can find the key to his cyclonic cellar he is twisted so that he looks at the future over his shoulder blades and tears of anguish roll down over his eyebrows into his ears.

When I rose on my good leg to go to the assistance of my brother, the sharp bones of the tibia and fibula cut through the lacerated flesh, and also spoiled a comparatively new pair of pantaloons. The green leaves of the forest had been whipped to a maelstrom by the wind and hail and plastered over fences, houses and even horses. Our horse was hanging by his breeching from a lonely tree, plastered with green, and the blood was all rushing to his head. I moaned and sank into a pool of mud, hail and rain-water.

My patience, how my leg did ache me!

Help was miles away, but busy relieving the distress of the injured and comforting the bereft or searching for the dead at Clear Lake. It was a memorable night. I lay on my back looking up at the alternate cloud rack and the cold, unsympathetic planets. Now and then it would rain some more on my upturned spectacles. Nothing is more annoying than spectacles in a cyclone.

My brother paced the torn and disheveled road near me, almost crazed by the fear that his family had been killed during his absence. Finally a foot passenger came by on his way to the village, and we sent for relief. I asked for a stretcher, a physician, a rubber blanket, a bottle of moxie and an evening paper.

The accident occurred as the whistle blew for 6 o'clock, and it was midnight when relief came. I can recall the circumstances almost without effort. A kindly dentist pulled my leg and then set it as one would set a hen—that is, he fenced it in with pieces of fence boards. He tied these to the shattered limb as far as the fracture and then stopped so that he prevented circulation and yet gave no protection to the agonized leg. By morning it had swollen to its full capacity, and I shall carry down to my tear soaked grave the scars of those diagonal blisters made by the accursed bandages.

After 24 hours I saw that I would have to wear a hickory leg up the golden stair, as things looked, and so I had six good healthy pallbearers take me to the evening train, put me on the bag-

gage car, stretcher, fence boards and all, and was taken to Hudson, where there was a physician who had studied medicine.

He sat my leg.

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Bill Nye

Preserve the Classics.

"This," said the professor, "is simply execrable. It will not stand the most lenient criticism."

Art Student—Why, sir, I have been told it is a masterpiece—

"What? That represents an Indian council in the northwest, doesn't it?"

"Certainly, sir."

"And the characters are supposed to be American Indians?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you have pictured them attired in hunting shirts, leggings, moccasins and blankets?"

"Taken from life, sir."

"Life! What's life to do with art? It endures beyond the scope of the ages of man. It reaches!"

"What's wrong with the picture, sir?"

"Wrong? The clothing. They wear no clothing!"

"My dear professor, the thermometer frequently stands at 20 degrees below zero up there, and—"

"Twenty furies! What have thermometers and blankets to do with art?"

"But, sir—"

"I tell you it won't do. The American Indian has been painted for hundreds of years, so to speak, as a naked savage!"

"But, sir, this was painted from the savages themselves!"

"Savages, fudge! What have savages to do with art? Shall we destroy all the traditions of our noble school, our sublime genius, for a band of savages? Away with it! Try again, sir."

And genius solemnly demanded that the noble red man should ride the blizzard without his clothes.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Declined With Thanks.

Mr. Chrome—I'm so glad you like the painting, Miss Ethel.

She—Oh, it's perfectly lovely! But you must let me return the frame, as mamma does not allow me to accept valuable presents from gentlemen.—Life.

Very Strange.

A young girl took her watch into the jeweler's recently and explained that something was the matter with it.

While the watchmaker examined it the owner of the fractious watch remarked that she did not see what made it act so.

"It is always stopping or having something happen to it," she said.

"Possibly you do not take good care of it," ventured the jeweler, closely regarding the interior of the watch.

"Oh, yes, I do. I wind it nearly every night, and I nearly always remember to take it out of my pocket when I take off my dress. The pocket in my gray dress is too large, though, and sometimes it falls into the bowl when I am washing."

"Water would ruin it if it got inside," remarked the jeweler.

"That little bit wouldn't," said the girl, with a very wise shake of the head.

"It's only falls that hurt them. Once it fell out of the top stairs window, but it landed in the rosebush, and it wasn't hurt much. The time Johnnie squeezed it by shutting the bureau drawer on it the crystal was broken, though."

By that time the jeweler had discovered that the balance wheel was out of place and two cogs broken.

"I don't see how it happened," said the girl in surprise. "It flew out of my blouse pocket yesterday when I was swinging dumbbells, but I did not suppose that was what hurt it."

"Those things seldom do," said the man, this time with a touch of scorn.—New York Press.

Confidence.

The vessel was awrack.

The wind howled and lashed the waves into foam whenever the latter were not busy rolling mountain high.

"Darling, fear not!"

The youth drew his beloved yet closer and waited for death.

"I am not afraid," she answered, looking into his face with sublime trust.

"What is there for me to fear? My hair curls naturally."

The rain laden tempest beat in vain upon her brow, and the chill salt spray of ocean broke likewise unavailing over her bangs.—Detroit Tribune.

Modest.

Clara—I think I shall wear my bloomers on my wheel today.

Maud—Why?

Clara—I don't like to attract attention.—New York Sun.

Tit For Tat.

Scraps—I don't want to borrow \$10, but I know a fellow who does.

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The Leg in Glass.

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FIRE! -- FIRE!

"Procrastination is the thief of time." Delay no longer, but see

Kirby, The Insurance Man,

At once. Union Central Life Ins. Co.; Fireman's Fund, National Fire of Hartford, Mechanics and Traders, Pennsylvania Fire Ins. Co., and as many more gilt edge Companies. A calendar for the asking.

CHANGE!

And they continue to come to Withers to get useful and ornamental Xmas, wedding and birth day presents. Household furnishing goods in all styles and prices to suit the people. Parlor suits, folding beds, oak, cherry and walnut suits. 100 different styles in chairs, a nice assortment of pictures, easels. Picture frames made to order. Don't fail to see the

IMMENSE STOCK

Teat is being scattered broadcast through the country.

W. W. WITHERS,

Opposite the St. Asaph.

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

The Miraculous Walking Stick of St. Joseph Took Root and Blossomed.

There is a legend interesting in connection with the custom of extending festivities from Christmas to Twelfth day, or Epiphany. According to tradition, St. Joseph, while passing through the town of Glastonbury, rested on a hillside. His walking stick of dry Hawthorn he thrust into the earth, when it immediately took root and the next day blossomed. Every year thereafter it blossomed on Christmas day, which was Jan. 6, old style. This thorn tree had two trunks and grew to an immense size. Many singular instances related of it obtained general credence.

Once in Queen Elizabeth's time a Puritan, hoping to root out the superstition attached to it, heaved down the larger trunk, but when he attacked the other he was miraculously prevented from accomplishing his task. His ax slipped, cutting his leg seriously, and a chip flew up and put out one of his eyes. The severed trunk lay for years attached to the earth by a mere fragment of bark, yet it grew and flourished. Even after it was taken away and thrown into a ditch it continued to blossom, while the standing trunk, all cut and mangled near the roots, spread out its branches in a great circle and bloomed luxuriantly.

A long time afterward the second trunk was cut down, but the shoots from it were said to be growing in many places, each claiming to be the Glastonbury thorn. It is on record that when the change of style was made in 1763 people were greatly perplexed, wondering on what day the Glastonbury thorn would blossom. A great crowd collected on Dec. 25, N. S., and finding no blossoms watched the tree until Jan. 6, the old Christmas day, when it bloomed as usual. To allay the excitement this caused the old day was observed for awhile in many places.—New York Journal.

Christmas Greens For The Churches.

The most popular method for Christmas church decoration just now is to have a number of gothic designs in wood, which can be worked out very easily with evergreen leaves and holly, producing an excellent effect. These frames have the advantage of lasting from year to year. Wire frames of different shapes and sizes are also used to some extent and prove very desirable because of their lightness, a large cross, heart or anchor of wire frame frequently worked on wood could not be placed. The scarlet berries holly, the dark green and shining leaved ivy, green holly and evergreen shrubs and the red Virginian creeper have all been utilized latterly for decorating the churches. Inscriptions by means of holly berries or in colored immortelles are also made, the latter being preferred, because some of the berries used at Christmas are poisonous, and children pick them up when they fall to the ground. Very thin lines of delicate looking green are carried from side to side so as to intersect each other in squares, and the crossed trellis work thus formed is dotted with flowers.—Brooklyn Citizen.

The Holly and the Ivy.

From the earliest times green boughs have been associated as one of the outward expressions of joy, and repeatedly in the Bible do we find allusions to them, notably in Nehemiah, where we read, "Go forth unto the mount and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches," to make booths thereof, and "there was very great gladness." Decorations may thus be claimed as decidedly Scriptural in their origin. The popular evergreens are rosemary, bay, laurel, holly and ivy, and in folklore we have many and frequent allusions to all of these. The hellebore, or Christmas rose, and the Christmas thorn, which flowers about this season, along with laurestina and arbutus, are freely used in English decorations. A very quaint poem tells of the claims of the ivy and holly for precedence. Popular opinion places the holly inside and the ivy outside a dwelling.—Selected.

ART FOR AMATEURS.

How to Tint China and Apply the Background.

In painting flowers on china a harmonious background adds very much to the effect. For instance, white flowers, with touches of pink, such as apple blossoms or azaleas, look well on a tint of rose pink matching the pink in the flowers. Pure white flowers, with cool, green tints in the shadows, should be on a pale green ground and yellow flowers on olive. Modera Frisella gives further hints on this subject, as follows: Maize, apple green, deep blue, green, celadon, pearl gray and jonquil yellow are very satisfactory as tinting colors, requiring no additional flux.

Jonquil yellow is an especially valuable color, the light tints resembling the ivory of the Worcester ware, and far more satisfactory than ivory yellow in working and in firing.

Brown green, with one-third flux, makes a beautiful olive for yellow flowers, and the same with maize, in the proportion of one-third each, makes another soft olive tint bordering on amber.

Deep blue green and apple green in equal parts make a turquoise blue which fires more satisfactorily than the turquoise that comes already prepared in tubes. By using a larger proportion of either color we have a turquoise green or a turquoise blue.

Rose pink is a mixture of carmine, Nos. 1 and 2. Carnation No. 1, salmon and flux, in equal parts, makes a beautiful tint of shrimp pink.

Tinting colors should be well rubbed down with an equal quantity of tinting oil, taking a little turpentine also on the palette knife.

Having carefully outlined the design in water color and wiped the china with a soft rag, the tint should be applied as smoothly as possible with the brush, then lightly struck with a pad of cambric skin filled with cotton, but not made hard, until every portion has been touched and the tint made even and smooth. This should be continued until the surface is fine grained and soft, like kid, to the eye. The tinting oil keeps it in a condition to be worked over quite a long time. If it dries too quickly, too little oil has been used; if not quickly enough, it contains too much oil. A little experience will enable one to judge correctly.

Portions of the design that have been accidentally covered with the tint may be removed with a soft rag folded two or three times to form a point. If the tint is quite dry, the rag should be moistened with a little alcohol, care being taken not to let it be too wet, as the alcohol easily spreads.

A Modern Invention.

New Tenant—Now look sharp there when you handle the piano-folding-bed-card-table-dressing-case-mantel-and-sideboard combination, and don't scratch the corners getting it into the flat. Express Driver—I say, what a fraud them flats are! Here I'm moving a dozen pieces of furniture for what I charge for a single piano. 'Taint fair, so it 'taint.—Detroit Free Press.

A Modest Request.

Mrs. Quiverful (to Mrs. Long's servant girl)—What do you want? Servant Girl—Mrs. Long sends her compliments and says would you be so kind as to count your children and see if you haven't got one too many, as our Kitty hasn't come home, and school has been out two hours.—Tit-Bits.

Spanish Humor.

Here is a modern Spanish joke: "The deuce! I do feel bad." "What's the matter?" "I ate a steak of horseflesh, and it's going round and round in my inside." "My dear fellow! It must have been a circus horse."—London Daily News.

Eager to Change.

Charlie Queerways—Can you cash my check for me? Dicky Doright—My dear fellow, all I have is a check myself. Charlie Queerways—All right; that will do.—Brooklyn Life.

A FASCINATING FOOT.

KATE SANBORN SAYS ITS POSSESSION MAY WELL EXCITE VANITY.

In a Frank and Everyday Way She Exhausts the Subject of Feet and Winds Up With a Quotation From the Bible. A Word About Shoes.

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YOU OUGHT all of us to pay more attention to our feet and abused feet, and as on this theme we meet on a common footing let me be as frank in style as if talking by your side.

I was impressed lately by the remarks of a prominent public man, whose pretty daughter was sitting at his feet lacing his shoes, which were easy and sensible, but evidently expensive. His feet had the air of being valued and cared for, and as he looked down with a pardonable bit of vanity at these well-shaped, well-shod feet he said: "I often talk to my feet. I say to them: 'You have carried me uncomplainingly many a year and many a mile. I will try to repay your faithful, invaluable assistance by giving to you good care, comfort and cleanliness.'"

Then as an opposite picture there comes to mind an immense swimming pool connected with a mammoth hotel in California, where I used to sit mornings and watch the bathers enjoying the slide and diving, floating and general sport. And such pathological specimens of feet. Oh, horrors! A distressing collection of distorted misshapen terminations that had once been pretty, dimpled, pink toes, symmetrical feet! Knobs, excrescences, toes twisted and cramped and a corn on each, hardly a decent foot even among the women. A few young girls had not succeeded in spoiling theirs, but they were doing their best to attain that result. Artists find it almost impossible to secure even a natural foot as a model.

"Trilby" feet are rare, out of novels! A dainty, well kept, fascinating foot is captivating, and who can blame a woman for being vain of such a possession?

But if nature, aided by the laws of heredity, has not given a small foot with Andalusian instep and a spirited, coquettish expression—for feet express fully as much as hands—we can at least forbear to deform such feet as have been vouchsafed to us. Girls are far more sensible now about footgear than in my youth. Still further back many a charming belle brought on consumption by going to dances with slippers and satin slippers, with no sort of extra protection, even in going through snow to reach her carriage. My generation were inclined to wear boots and shoes a size too short, vainly imagining it reduced the effect, whereas it but increased the breadth, making the tortured foot look like an overstuffed brain pincushion and creating bunions and ingrowing nails. I know well that I labored to squeeze a 4 1/2 foot into a 3 boot because a man whom I looked up to as a hero and demigod, as girls will, once said of my feet that they were so big he supposed that when I wanted to enter a door I had to take them off, unscrewing them, and begin all over again! He was weak on the theme of tiny feet and only said this in the merest fun. But how my poor punished toes did ache and rebel and pay me back in full for my idleness!

Nowadays girls and women understand that a half size in extra length gives a stylish effect and adds to comfort. I offered a pair of pretty slippers, made for evening wear, with the fashionable French heel, to a schoolgirl whose foot was smaller than mine. But she said most sensibly: "Oh, I could not wear those! My teacher at the gymnasium insists on my wearing a 6 always!" The craze for physical culture and athletics is a boon to the so long oppressed feet. Look at the shoes made for running or for long tramps or climbing mountains! I think the excessively broad sole is not a good innovation. Our feet are not shaped like a dastard or a palm leaf fan, and the poor little toes, scraping along all alone, in unaccustomed space, is apt to make complaint. We care much more for the exterior covering than for what is protected. Patent leather is showy, "dressy," as they say, but is sure to draw the feet and will soon crack and look shabby. How well I remember the agony and mortification of a distinguished elocutionist who once dined with me, having the seat of honor. I saw he was suffering, but thought it courteous at first not to notice it. But he grew pale, and evidently something must be done. I proposed he should leave the table, and he worked away and tried to get off his brand new patent leather shoes. His feet were so swelled he had to call for assistance, and then he plunged the feet into cold water and had them rubbed, and at last in an old pair of slippers, a mile too big for him, he returned too late to enjoy a good dinner. He endured like a Spartan, but relief had to be obtained. He felt that etiquette demanded his remaining at his post. Old shoes (bless 'em!) must always be worn when one has to stand long or in traveling or whenever such an experience would be avoided. The feet should be bathed every night in warm, not hot water, made soft with a little borax, soda, pearline or ammonia, and then rubbed with pumice stone on the heel to keep it smooth, occasionally giving a general rub with some such sim-

ple. Lubricant as vasoline, cosmoline, heated olive oil or the plebeian mutton tallow.

Corns can easily be cured at home. They are caused by pressure. Remove that and prevent all friction. For the soft variety nothing is better than a piece of linen cloth dipped in turpentine. Remove the thorn from the more obstinate sort (after moistening with diluted ammonia) with a sharp pen-knife or an old razor. Use iodine for inflamed, swelling joints. A band of old-fashioned sticking-plaster wound round the entire foot is often a great comfort. Use powder in summer. Change stockings often. After all this comes warmth. Disease often strikes a fatal chill through thin soles or unprotected ankles. Warm feet in winter are the secret of freedom from colds. A pair of 13 cent cork soles will often ward off pneumonia. Running about the room with bare feet chilly mornings or even down stairs has caused death many a time to my knowledge. It may be all right for that wise monk somewhere in Germany to oblige his patients to dash barefooted through the snow. He puts them through proper treatment after the shock. We must not attempt it.

Then walking—this seems a simple thing, but how many people do you know who walk well, so that it is a pleasure to watch them? The majority reveal laughable, lamentable ignorance of the first rules for a good and graceful gait. Most persons show almost the entire soles of their feet as they approach you. Some strut along on their heels. Some toe in with one or both feet. The ball of the foot should first touch the ground or floor. At least we should aim for that and keep the sole down, springing a little on the toe. How many people over 35 can you think of who move easily or have any elasticity as they move? Tapping the floor with the feet nervously, as always seen on the stage, is forbidden by every disciple of Deists. It is a natural but inelegant way of expressing impatience, anxiety or indecision. No one has learned the great art of self control who cannot keep his feet still under trying circumstances. Then the position of the feet in public places. Look at the long row of feet in a ferryboat, too absurdly many to try to describe. Many unconsciously wind one foot round the chair leg while eating. Some even sit on one foot.

Notice all this to learn better manners for yourself, but don't allude in a personal way to ill bred positions of feet in a public place, or you may get caught as I did. I had been listening to an interesting essay on grace in ordinary life, in sitting, standing, walking, etc., and after it was finished a gentleman asked to be presented to me whom I had long wished to meet. He complimented the speaker, owned the truth of the criticisms, and as I happened to see a young lady in front of us, with eight foot intertwined around her chair, I said, "Just look ahead of us at a striking instance of such bad habits." He looked. His face fell. He said rather sharply, "That is my daughter." Conversation naturally flagged, and he soon excused himself. I had unwittingly "put my foot into it." Pity me.

Last of all, but most important, don't make your feet carry you where you ought not to go, where you would be ashamed to be seen by those you best love. The Bible is considered old fashioned and mostly historical these advanced days, but it is full of warning advice on this as on almost every other subject enacted to our well doing. I give but one line from Proverbs, "Ponder the path of thy feet!"

KATE SANBORN.

TRUE AND FALSE EDUCATION.

Book Learning Is Often a Superficial Advantage—A Common Error.

All men and women who by native justice of mind or acquired freedom from prejudice have been able to consider the matter in the abstract must have become convinced that the tendency to judge a person merely by his collected treasures of book learning is an erroneous one, and that the idea of connecting the term "education" solely with schools and colleges is false. Education in its best sense means not the cramming in of a knowledge of accomplished facts, but a drawing out and developing of natural powers. A woman may be an excellent Greek scholar. She may be informed as to the successive events of history and science; she may have had as thorough an education in the technical sense of the word as she is capable of receiving, yet she may be as narrow minded, as faulty in her mode of thought and as lacking in wisdom as if she did not know the alphabet. In fact, in the broader sense, she has absolutely no education, because other persons' thoughts have been forced into her head instead of her own ideas being recognized and encouraged to develop. Strength and decision of character, quick reasoning powers and keen observation are as desirable results of a course of training as a knowledge of ancient history and the differential calculus. One of the commonest of errors, especially among women, is that of assuming that education consists in the heaping up of pieces of information, and that a person who has not an unflinching supply of facts at his tongue's end is stupid, unrefined and inferior. Mere scholarship, although an advantage, is a superficial one. Unaided it cannot make a narrow mind broad nor an undecided character decided. To institute it as the standard by which to judge the depth and mental power of one's friends is to make a mistake for which a lifetime can sometimes not atone.

ISABELLA PROCTOR.

For the Hair.

Much advice is given about brushing the hair. The best hairbrush is made of palm-wood in Florida. Get two of these small palm-wood brushes, take one in each hand and rub your hair and scalp thoroughly eight or ten minutes every day, not harshly, but just gently and briskly.

Presents For All.

A Big Display and Lower than Any One.

R. ZIMMER,

Is the man to buy your Christ Trix from. Everything from a Cheap Toy to an Expensive Present can be found in his stock. Big lot of

Candies, Nuts, Fruits,

&c. And

OYSTERS!

In Bulk or in Cans and put up especially for the Christmas trade. Call in and see my stock.

R. ZIMMER.

A -- PRESENT!

FOR EVERYBODY.

What kind of a present would you like best? We know what will please you best. It is a donation of

UNCLE SAM'S CASH.

This is the present we propose to give to each customer buying merchandise of us. If you can save 25c, 50c or \$1 won't that please you? This is done every day at our store for those who know

A - GOOD - THING!

And are supplying themselves with the best values in Dry Goods, Carpets and Shoes ever offered to the people of Stanford and vicinity.

Nearly All Are Gone!

The cloth figures, brownies, toys, cats, dogs, monkeys that we are giving away with each purchase of \$1 or more. Ask for one when you buy \$1's worth. Will take pleasure in showing you through our stock!

SEVERANCE & SON.

COLLOSAL

XMAS -- SALE!

We expect to move the 1st of January to the house occupied by Mr. Mack Huffman and will make the effort of our lives to sell all the goods we possibly can before that time. Relief to strained pocket books will be our motto. We will sell more goods for the same money now than was ever sold for the same money in our city. We want to carry as few goods with us as possible and low prices is

The GREAT MACNET

We shall offer. We want to sell every Cloak and every Overcoat we have and will make price do it if possible. Our men's, boys', youths' Clothing shall be cut to suit your pocket. Novelty dress goods, broad cloths, Henriettas, figured and plain black Dress goods, ladies' cloths and everything in that line must go. Men's underwear 20c to \$1.25; ladies' vests 10c to \$1; boys' underwear 25c to \$1; ladies' godola shoes \$1.25; our French kid shoes \$2 to \$2.75; we offer the best man's boot ever offered at \$1.25 to \$1.50. Besides all these we have a big line of goods for Christmas that we do not want to move.

Sleigh Lap Robes, Fur Rugs, ladies', misses' and children's Muffs, Table Covers, Towels, Napkins and Dining Sets, Lace Bed Sets, Lace Curtains, Draperies, Corsets, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Fascinators, Gloves, samples of Carpets in 1 yard pieces, the "J. B." and "P. D." Corsets and everything in the you can get at

LOW -- PRICES.

We want to move as few goods as possible. With your help we hope to have very few to move. Come and see for yourself.

HUGHES & TATE.

Only One More Glorious Week

IN STANFORD.

We make this announcement that all may avail themselves of the

GREAT : OPPORTUNITY

Of buying Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Hats, &c., at LESS THAN COST. Everything that is not sold by that time will be boxed and shipped to our other store. This is a chance of a life time to buy the best of goods at a mere shadow of a price, so don't delay but come at once to the last great sale of

B. F. JONES & SON!